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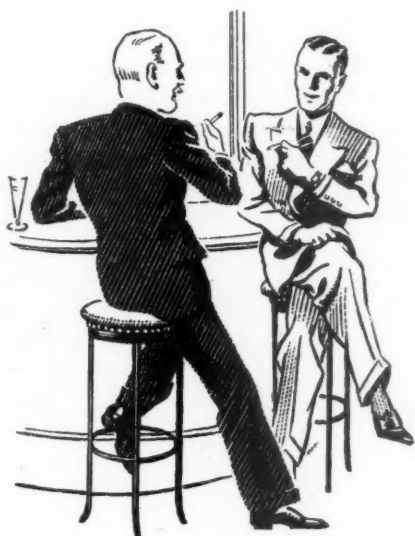
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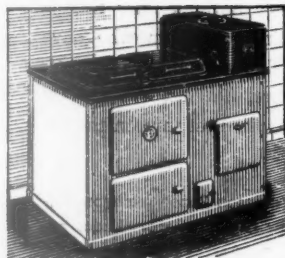
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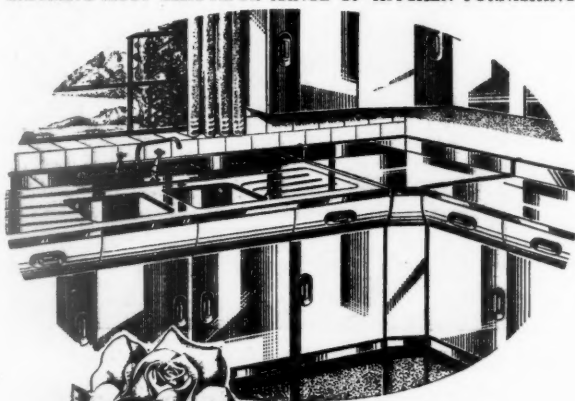
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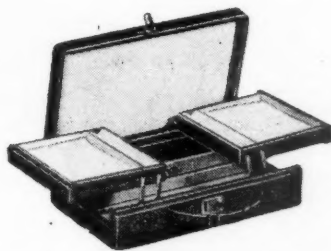


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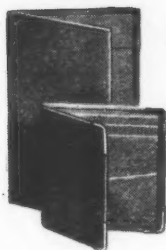
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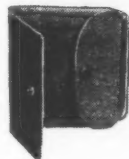
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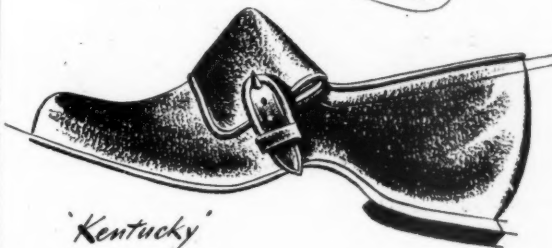
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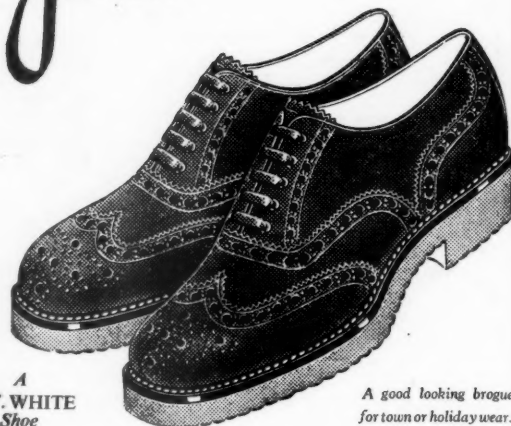
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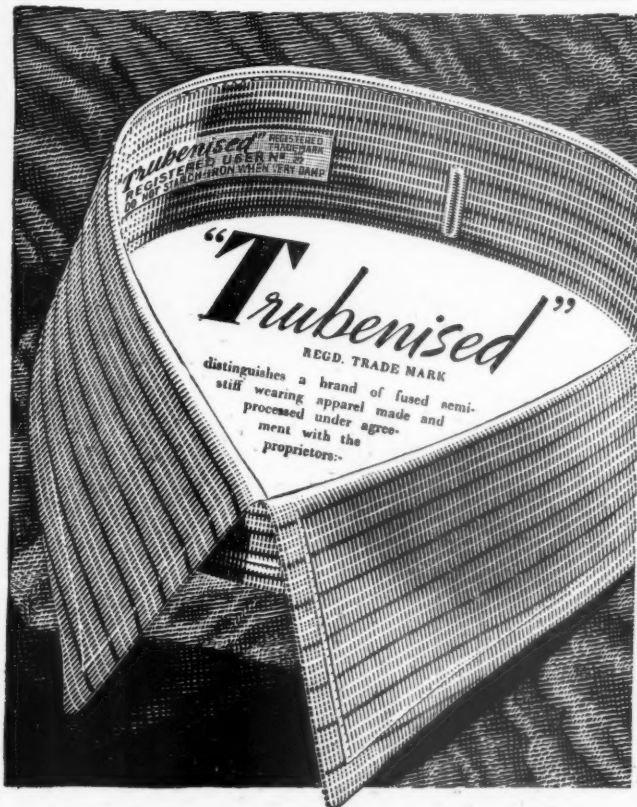
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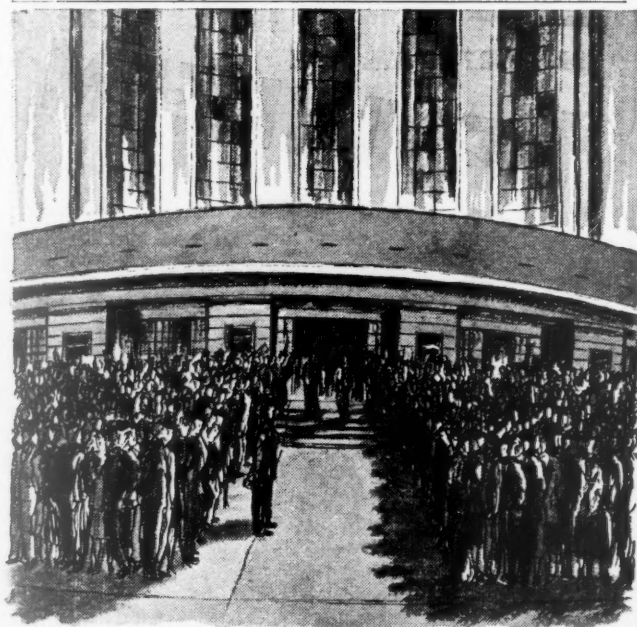
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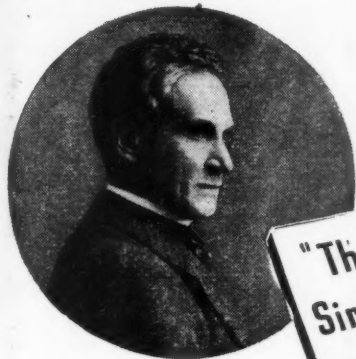


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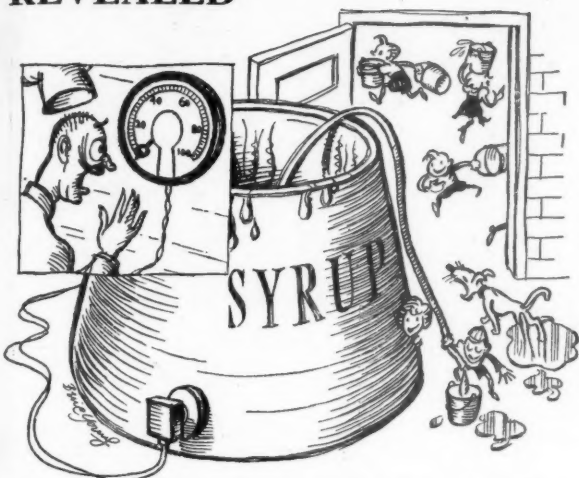
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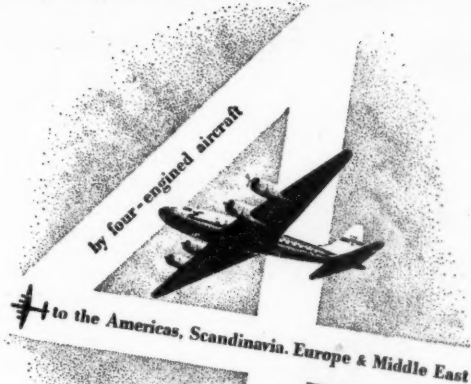
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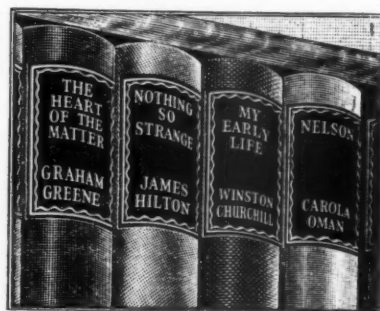
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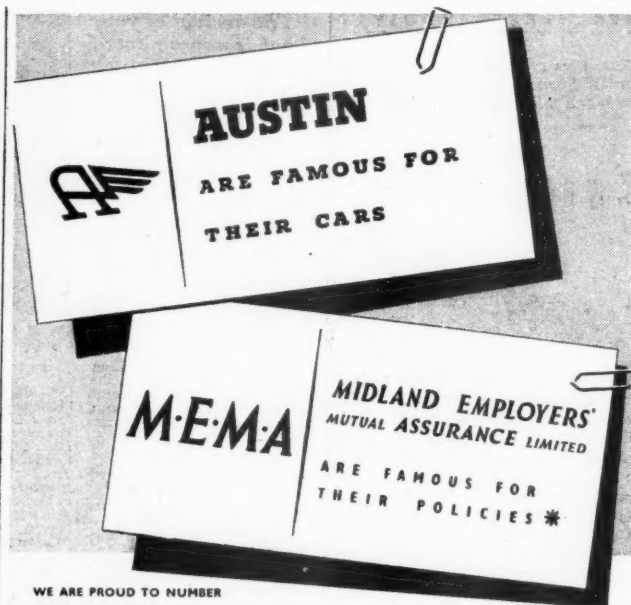
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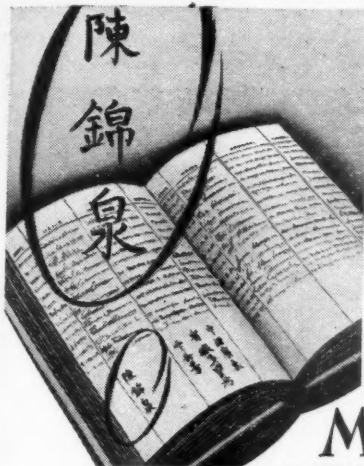
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MODERN medical science has proved that for real relief from pain, what is needed is not one remedial agent, but a combination of four. * These four agents—acetyl-salicylic acid, phenacetin and codeine (which are sedatives) and caffeine (which is a stimulant) combined together, act synergistically in 'Cogene'. That is why 'Cogene' is so effective for quick and satisfying relief of headaches, rheumatic pains, toothache, backache, neuralgia, and for help against colds. Non-habit forming. No harmful after-effects. 1/3 from all chemists.

'COGENE'
Regd. Brand Tablets

the perfect modern formula
for the 4-way relief of pain

A 'GENATOSAN' PRODUCT



MR. CHAN CAME FROM CHINA

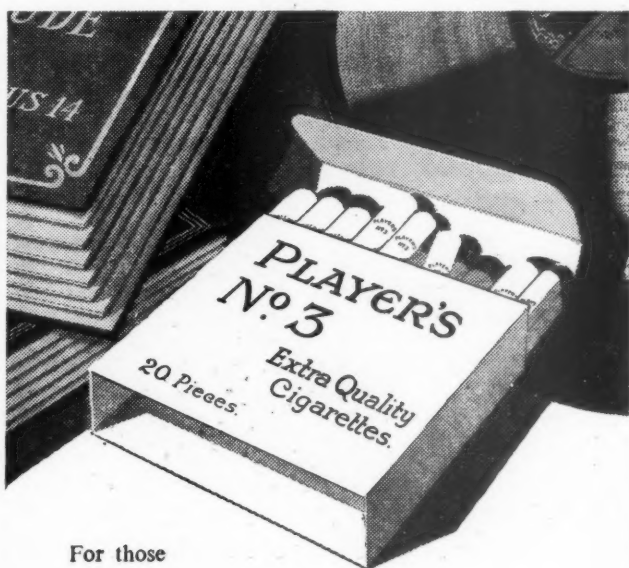
"KNOWN throughout the world" is a wide claim even for a large organisation, yet a glance through this visitors' book reveals that in the case of Standard it is by no means an overstatement.

Standard are proud of their visitors' book, for it provides the most graphic illustration of the real meaning of the phrase. In its pages are recorded the names of men from every country... men from Valparaiso and Vladivostok, from Dundee and Dunedin, it is a living record of the fact that men from every land have seen and have studied for themselves the efficiency of the immense engineering and production organisation on which is founded the world-wide reputation of Standard Telephones and Cables Limited.

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TELECOMMUNICATION ENGINEERS

CONNAUGHT HOUSE, ALDWYCH, LONDON, W.C.2



For those

in search of the richer rewards
which only excellence brings

PLAYER'S **NUMBER 3**
THE EXTRA QUALITY CIGARETTE

[3P95]

Announcing the new **JAVELINS** for 1950

JAVELIN SALOON DE LUXE



The Jowett Javelin which has already won fame all over Europe both in the hands of racing drivers and private owners, is henceforth to be available in two models. First and foremost of these is the Javelin

Saloon De Luxe—a truly magnificent car designed in every detail to appeal to the motorist who wants every luxury and refinement. The interior of this Javelin has folding armrests for the driver and all passengers, and a front squab which tilts as the seat slides forward. The instrument panel is finished in rich walnut, the upholstery is finest hide, and there are many other refinements. For instance, the front passenger finds a make-up mirror on the visor, the rear armrests are detachable for extra space and there is a fitted de-mister and heater. Thanks to increased production and the great popularity of the Javelin it has been possible to produce the better and more luxurious car at a considerably reduced price—£695 plus purchase tax.



JAVELIN SALOON

For the owner who wants Javelin performance, but who is willing to dispense with de luxe appointments there is the Javelin Saloon. The Javelin acceleration, high cruising speed and family comfort are all there—and again it has been possible to reduce the price considerably—£595 plus purchase tax.

JOWETT CARS LIMITED

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IN MOTORING . . .

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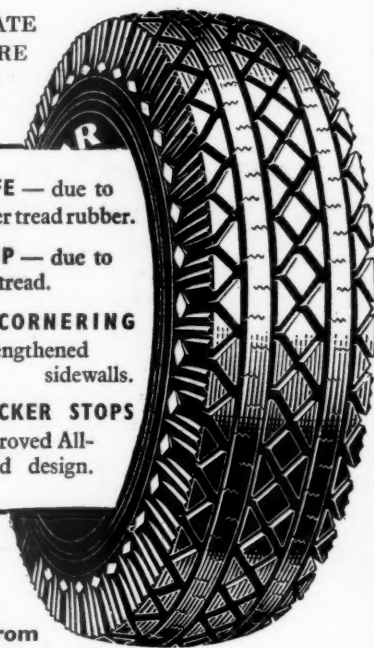
THE NEW



BY GOODYEAR

THE ULTIMATE
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- ★ **LONGER LIFE** — due to deeper, tougher tread rubber.
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obtainable from
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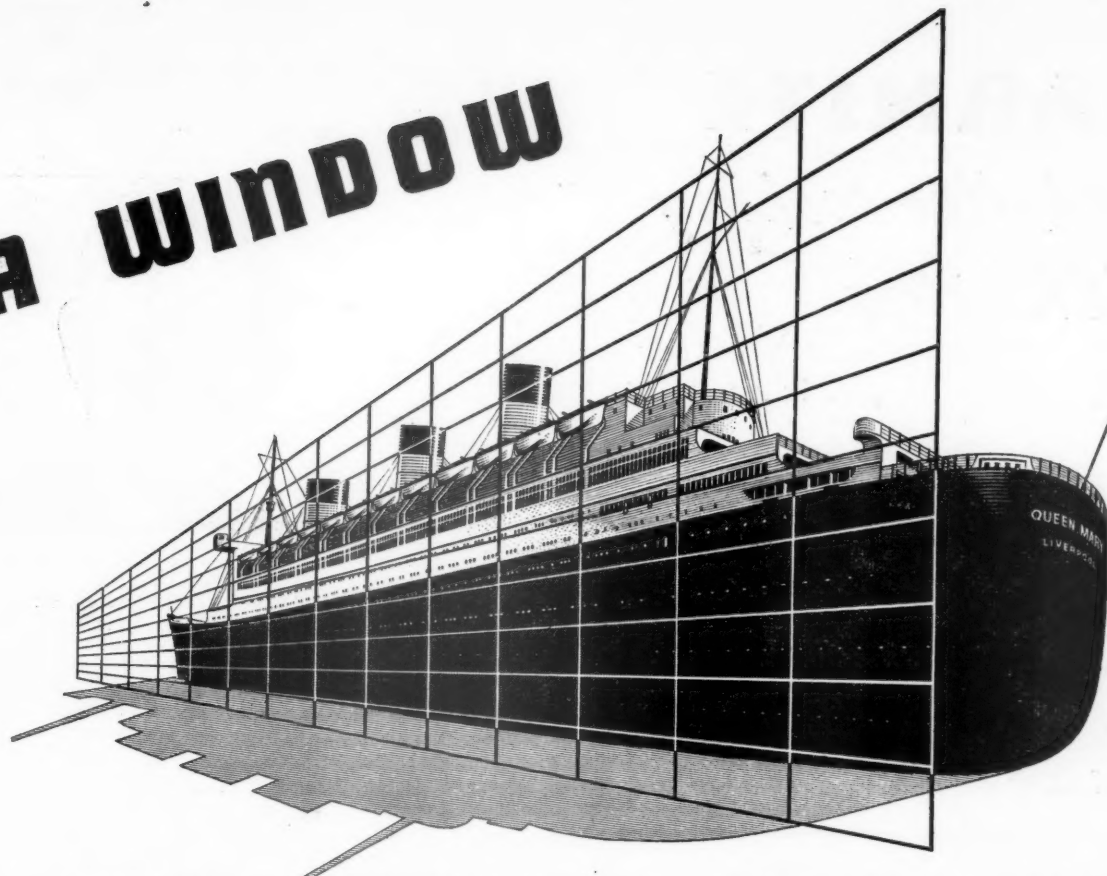
— and INSIST ON GOODYEAR TUBES

You can trust

GOODYEAR

THE LONG-LIFE HARDEST-WEARING TYRES

A window



LONGER THAN THE QUEEN MARY

When it's windows, lightness is all. How clearly, for instance, the Brabazon assemblers could see what they were doing because they had between them and the daylight a window that consists simply of glass hung in a web of fine aluminium!

The window in question is on the north side of the Brabazon hangar and is 50 ft. high and 1,052 ft. long — thirty-two feet longer than the Queen Mary.

The "web" consists of patent aluminium alloy

glazing bars only $1\frac{1}{2}$ " wide to which panes are clipped by a strip of the same metal. It's called Aluminex patent glazing and imaginative people are doing a lot with it today.

WHY ALUMINEX? The reasons why the Architect, Eric Ross, F.R.I.B.A., and the Consulting Engineers, Brian Colquhoun & Partners chose Aluminex for the Brabazon hangar can be seen from this brief comparison:

Requirements	Aluminex Advantages
Maximum light for assembling the Brabazon.	Aluminex is slim, light, offers minimum obstruction to light.
Must stand up to Atlantic gales.	Aluminex is strong; has tested gale resistance.
No corrosion visible or hidden.	Non-corroding aluminium alloy, no iron to rust where sawn or drilled.
Cheap, easy to maintain.	Negligible upkeep costs. No putty to deteriorate. No painting at any time.
Assured durability.	Durability proved all over world in last quarter century.
Good appearance, clean lines in keeping with Architect's conception.	Any photograph of Aluminex glazing supplies the answer.

The Aluminex Division of WILLIAMS & WILLIAMS Ltd
RELIANCE WORKS, CHESTER

MARMITE

for better cooking
EVERY day



WOMEN who know Marmite find themselves turning to it day after day, for sandwiches, soups, stews and all savoury dishes. There's so much you can do with Marmite — and **MARMITE DOES SO MUCH FOR GOOD COOKING.**

Sold in Jars: 1 oz. 8d. • 2 oz. 1/1 • 4 oz. 2/- • 8 oz. 3/3 • 16 oz. 5/6

**You'd never think
he was 52!**



His verve and vitality come from a healthy digestion—the life-long practice of what is known as rest-therapy—the simple habit of resting the digestion from time to time. Benger's Food contains enzymes akin to those which perform the miracle of human digestion and can thus supplement any temporary deficiency (to be expected in middle age) which may be the danger signal of gastric trouble.

Sustaining and satisfying. Benger's Food soothes and calms the stomach, gives it a chance to recover naturally.

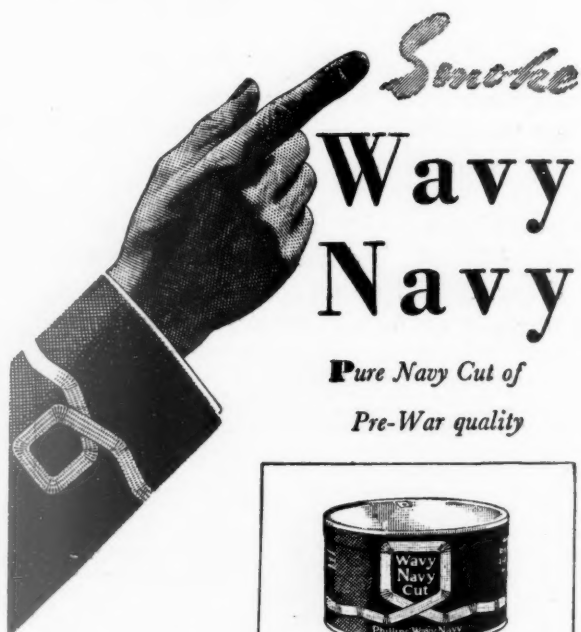
Benger's Food

A partially pre-digested food for invalids, old people and anyone whose digestion is out of order.



"Benger's Food" is a regd. trade mark of Benger's Ltd., Holmes Chapel, Cheshire

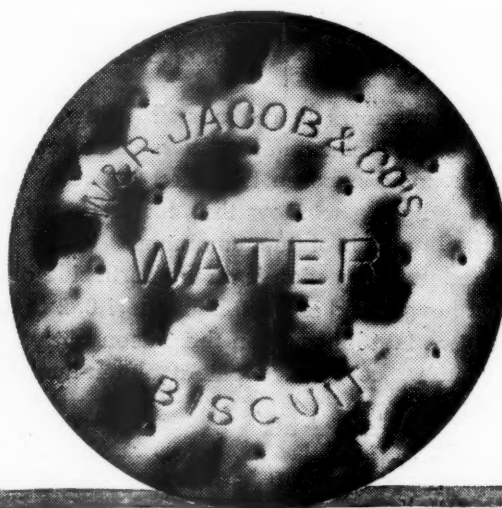
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2 OZ. AIRTIGHT TIN 8/10
1 OZ. FOILED PACKET 4/5

Also ready rubbed

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Water Biscuits

with the nutty flavour people like

* Also specially packed for world-wide export

W. & R. JACOB & CO. (LIVERPOOL) LTD., BISCUIT MANUFACTURERS, ENGLAND



CHARIVARIA

WORKERS claiming wage increases are hoping that Sir Stafford will announce that wage increases will be sanctioned only over his dead body.

"LONDON TRAINS NORMAL —1,200 Go-SLOW"

Headline in evening paper

We'd been trying to think of a nicer way to say it.

"A London night-club would bore an Eskimo," says a traveller. And a Londoner would find that a night out in an igloo would begin to pall after the first few weeks.



A headmaster states that parents don't realize what a strain evening "prep" can be to a child. One would have thought it had been brought home to them often enough.

"Would you say Labour or the Conservatives will win the next General Election?" asks a correspondent. Yes.

Bias

"Soviet archaeologists excavating Minsk have found the remains of an 11th or 12th century tribal princess in a well deserved oak coffin."—"Worcester Evening News"

A newspaper writer thinks there should be qualifying examinations for barbers. Even so most of them would probably scrape through.

The rest of the world would like to know what has been going on behind the Iron Curtain, but has to be satisfied with the recent announcement of what has been going off.

The new intensive campaign by our Customs officials is said to be making smuggling a very dangerous game. In fact it is reported that at some docks nylons are venturing out only in pairs.

"Les cas graves d'intoxication survenus récemment à l'hôpital La'nnec ont attiré l'attention du public sur les dangers que présentent parfois certains aliments, surtout pendant la saison chaude. saines, sont to xiques, en ts empsopu,ruoo sdrétucmfhy. pemfhympmfhy."

Paris newspaper

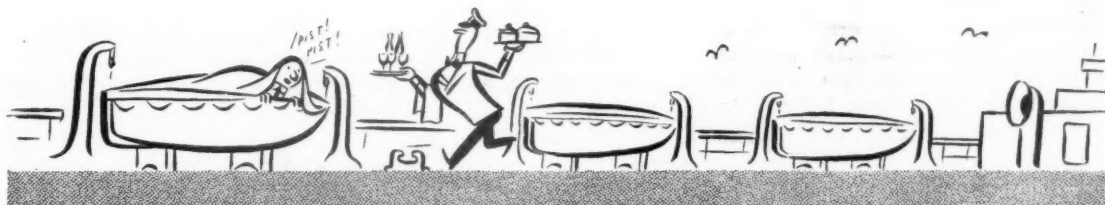
Pardon.

Bandits entered a Chicago night-club recently and robbed the diners of all their money. Many guests noticed nothing unusual, beyond a slight change in the management's technique.



Tempted by the record crop of wild blackberries, whole Scottish families, we read, are coming south to pick the fruit for the wholesale market. This is known as the gathering of the clans.

A stowaway found on an ocean liner weighs seventeen stone. He has obviously made a habit of it.



THE FLAG DROOPS

WHY does this flag hang drooping on the air?
There is no wind, though wind was once to
spare.

And silent settles round its pole, and stays
Seemingly lifeless for a length of days.

Is it a mutter where a far wind comes,
Or only echoes of departed drums?
Or faint sea stirring on a desert shore
From long-exhausted winds that blow no more?

The flag once fluttered stiffly from its mast
In a long tempest now blown out at last;
And what wind stirs within the hearts of men
That shall rise up and lift that flag again?

R. P. LISTER

FAULKNERIAN COILS

*A fragment written after reading "Intruder in the Dust"
(Chatto and Windus, 9/6), the new novel by William
Faulkner.*

IT was not yet ten-thirty that Monday morning when he reached his uncle's house with the package from the editor though he knew well enough, had known ever since the editor gave it to him to deliver to his uncle, what was in it, the package: thinking *This is the new novel by William Faulkner called or rather entitled Intruder in the Dust*. Because his uncle always got the William Faulkner novels to review, not because he knew about the South or Negroes or lynching or even memories of the war between the states but just simply because he was known to have the patience to work his way through some of those sentences that were written, some of them, the way a man feeling exploring for a meaning will write, a hundred or two hundred words or more with discarded corrected substituted words crossed out here and there only in these Faulkner sentences what you seem to get is the whole thing just as it was written without a single thing crossed out, and you have to read to concentrate on to assimilate it all.

"But I won't write that in my review," said his uncle. "Because not many people are interested in the way a thing is written. What they want is the story."

"Isn't the story all right?"

"The story's good," said his uncle. "When you get at it:" but he went on about the way it was written, it seemed as if that was all he wanted to talk about or rather all his uncle wanted to talk about. Because he always seems to mean him, the boy, better considerable circumlocution considerable clumsiness even involving parentheses after the pronoun so long as actually naming him can be avoided or even calling him the boy, the reader just having to work it out that when he is mentioned without any explanation or when he in a sentence seems not to refer to anybody else in it he means the boy, that is the word he, not William Faulkner, nor even his uncle, nor anybody else you

can think of (but his uncle always means the boy's uncle not the reader's uncle nor anybody else's, even William Faulkner's) before the sentence ends.

Because his uncle was now sitting back, unrising tensionless and regardant, in the old chair he had been given by MacAndrew Highfalutin when he (his uncle) had been made president of the Reviewers' Union. His uncle said:

"Back in the days of *Light in August* I don't think he wrote like this."

And because he had read what was printed on the back of the dustcover of the book when or rather shortly after his uncle had unwrapped the package, he said: "The publisher's blurb calls it a tightly-coiled style."

"That's not the adjective I would have chosen," his uncle said. "Here, read some of it yourself."

And the first thing he noticed was the way of spelling don't without any apostrophe even perhaps in the next line to didn't with its apostrophe right there and grammatically or rather orthographically (because it was a thing he remembered from the time he had been in school, short as that had been and interrupted because of the way they had always been moving, usually at night ((and there was often a moon even though it was not always the same size so that he always aimed to differentiate to distinguish between the different times they had moved by remembering the size the development the crescence if there was such a word (((and who was William Faulkner to worry if there wasn't))) of the moon)) but at night all the better for thinking for remembering what he had been taught in school which was that orthography was spelling) correct.

Which started him thinking about the parentheses: because in one place where a sentence began on page 95 and ran right through 96 and began a parenthesis he was ready looking back to believe that it was it, the parenthesis, that began on 95 and ran over not finishing not coming to an end not concluding until a third of the way down 97 but it was the sentence, not even the sentence and the parenthesis both but just the sentence.

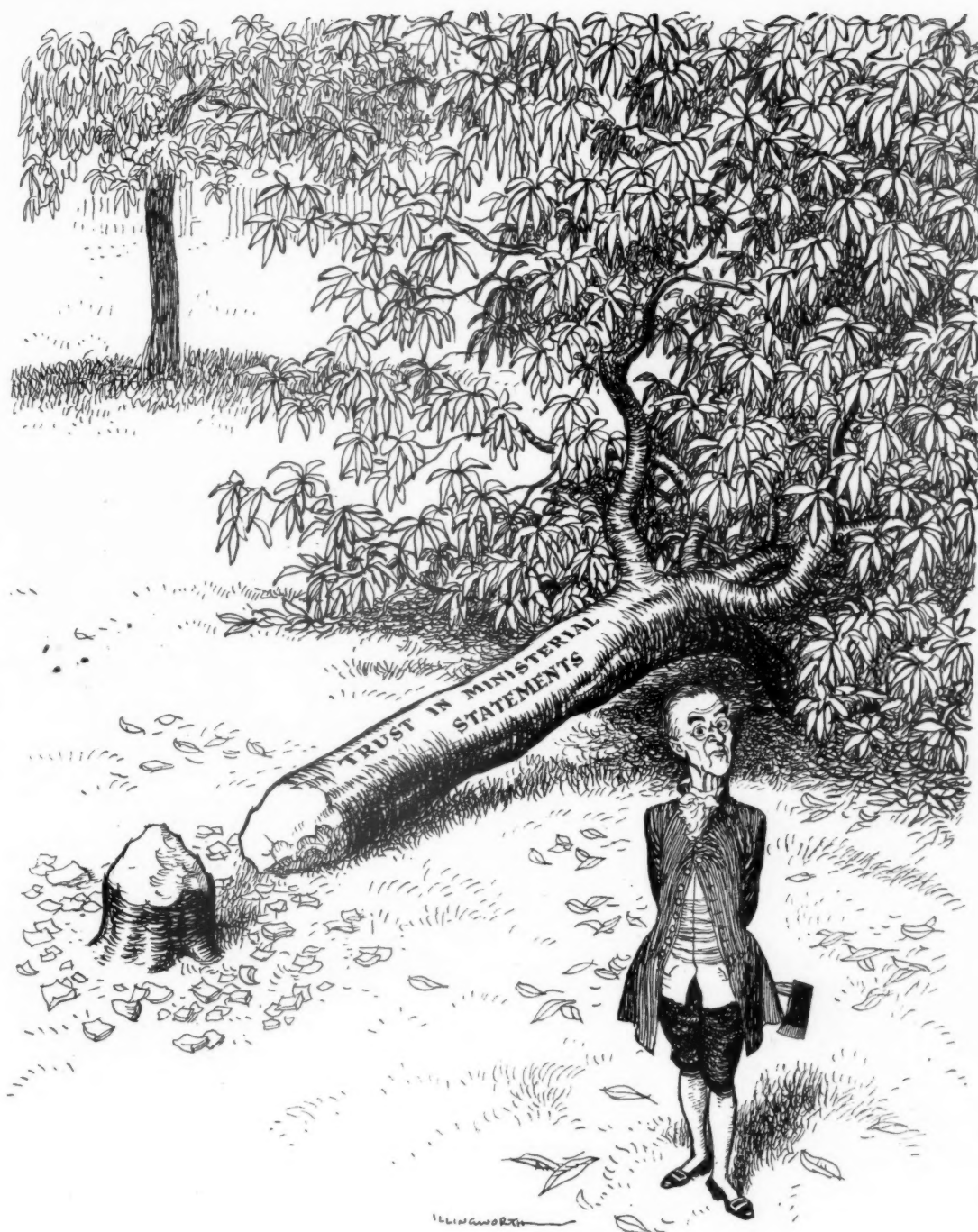
And the hyphens too: because the hyphens were interesting: the way snuff-bottle would get its hyphen normal and questionless but two lines ahead chickenrun wouldn't get any hyphen and even unionsuit wouldn't get any hyphen, nor clothesline (and these all in the same sentence not that that means very much) until a piece further on and still in the same sentence you would come to county-seat with a hyphen again, ordinary orthodox innovationless and without idiosyncrasy.

"Here," said his uncle. "Give it here. It's a good story. I aim to see how it turns out."

Because there were short sentences sometimes. Even very short. Sure even they would be hell to parse, but they were a damn sight easier to read.

RICHARD MALLETT

"Class 47. Plate of 6 Home-made Cakes, under 16 years of age."—*Flower show programme*
Scrumptious!



DEVALUED

["Even if we had then had some future intention of altering the rate of exchange, which in fact we had not, no responsible Minister could possibly have done otherwise than deny such intention."—*The Chancellor of the Exchequer in the House of Commons.*]



"And now Mrs. Rogers, of 'Seaview,' will read a few selected gems from her Visitors' Book."

ARE YOU INSURED?

ROBBERS lately entered this messuage and made off with certain items of property, contrary to law. The total value of the goods missing is estimated at less than two thousand pounds, but that is not the point I wish to stress. The interesting fact about burglary, housebreaking, larceny, or perhaps even theft (for without getting out a dictionary it is not always easy to choose the word with just the right nuance), is that the victim is forced to read, in some cases for the first time, what it says in his Insurance Policy.

It says a great deal. I seriously advise householders who have a policy covering the contents of their

Private Dwelling-House to get it out, always assuming that they have any idea where it is, and have a good read. They will find, if they have a policy as good as mine, that to suppose their belongings are simply covered against such out-of-the-way disasters as Fire and Burglary is to live in a fool's purgatory. Let me read a passage chosen almost at random from Section II A—**LOSS or DAMAGE caused by any of the undermentioned Perils to the Contents hereinafter specified:**

"Impact" (it says) "*with any of the said Buildings by any Road Vehicle, Horses or Cattle not belonging to or under the control of the Insured or any of his family.*"

Note first that this does not

mean that the Insured is covered against damage by horses to his buildings; he has another policy, one hopes, to take care of that. But he is covered against damage to the contents through the impact of horses with his buildings. Thus, if a horse blunders into the wall of your sitting-room, either inside or outside as I read it, and the shock causes an ormolu clock to topple off the mantelpiece, you can claim for damage to the clock—provided always that the animal was not under the control of yourself or any member of your family at the time. You cannot claim for damage to the wallpaper, I am sorry to say; that is explicitly excluded; but it is fair to add that with proper care,

keeping doors shut, etc., the risk under this heading is slight. Impact by horses is, actuarially speaking, normally an outside job.

A word, two words, of caution before we leave this ormolu clock. If it is deemed to be of greater value than five per cent of the full value of the contents as declared in the Policy, it must be specially insured as a separate item. Readers may not understand this at first sight. It simply means that if you have insured all the contents of your Dwelling House for a miserable £1,000, the Company will not let you have more than fifty for the clock—and that holds good not merely if it is dislodged by cattle, but even if it is totally destroyed by Earthquake, or by Malicious Persons acting on behalf of or in connection with any Political Organization (except in Ireland and Northern Ireland).

I think readers should give more thought to this matter.

The second caveat I wish to enter concerns the provisions and terms contained in or endorsed on the Policy which shall be deemed to be conditions precedent to the right of the Insured to recover under the said Policy.

"The Company shall be entitled, on the happening of any loss or damage to the Property insured, to enter any building where the loss or damage has happened and to take and keep possession of the Property insured and to deal with the salvage in a reasonable manner."

I do not want to discourage the Insured from making a just claim. On the contrary, my sole purpose is to acquaint insured persons with their rights. Still, the above Condition needs a little consideration. Damage to an ormolu clock is a vexatious thing. But the entry of the Company into the Insured's building, the trampling about, the spate of questions, the indifference to the condition of the wallpaper, the contemptuous sweeping up of the débris (for there may be two views about what does and what does not constitute a reasonable manner of dealing with salvage) and

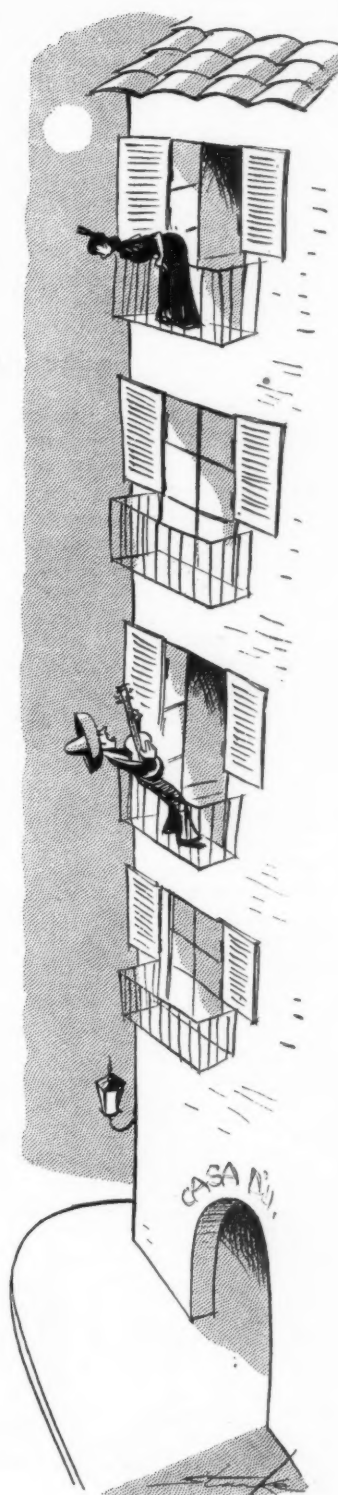
the final impounding of the Property—all this may have a serious effect on nerves already a little frayed by impact with a horse. The Insured has a right to recover; but, if he doesn't, his relatives will soon find that compensation for his death is limited to fatal injury occasioned by outward and visible violence caused by Burglars or Housebreakers or Fire; there is not a word about the effects of the entry of the Company into the Insured's premises.

Despite, and without prejudice to, the foregoing, I wish it to be known that I am entirely satisfied with the above Policy and with the concerned Company, nor am I willing to entertain correspondence with other companies offering what they may be pleased to style More Comprehensive Cover. For one thing alone, I find I am covered against Damage to Mirrors, other than Hand Mirrors, by breakage thereof whilst in the Insured's Private Dwelling aforesaid. Fowler says the "mirror" is a genteelism for "looking-glass"—just as he would say that "message" comes into the category of pedantic humour. But I don't care. I did not ask to be covered against the breaking of Mirrors, or Looking-Glasses either, and it softens and warms me to know that I am so covered. I am comforted, as I stand in front of this or that gigantic pier glass, to know that I have only to catch it a middling-sized wallop with the clothes-brush and a sum not exceeding five per cent of the total value insured will be mine. As for the bits and pieces, the Company will deal with those, in a reasonable, not to say genteel, manner.

H. F. ELLIS

Occupations

OUR baby said good-morning to a door,
And found a patch of sunlight on the floor,
Happier than you or I
Who, finding ourselves empty, buy
Red with which to paint the town,
Our baby turned an egg-cup upside down.





BEEES IN OUR BONNETS : EARL'S COURT

I SUPPOSE I am a hopeless reactionary, but I came away from the Motor Exhibition wondering how long the world's supply of chromium could possibly keep pace with its reckless expenditure on the American motor car; and also whether it was wise of so many of our own manufacturers to discard most that is traditional in British bodywork in order to follow in uncertain American footsteps.

No one is ignorant of the importance of the American market, where our cars are selling because they are small and economical, and very fast for their size, but it is hard to believe they will sell any better for being made to conform with the flamboyance of modern American design. Certainly British tailors, and shoemakers, and other craftsmen have a different story to tell:

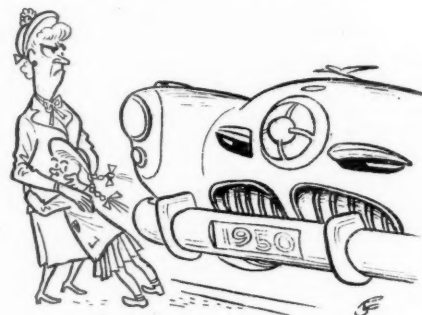
their goods are popular across the Atlantic on account of an unashamed integrity of style. And surely, with the greatest respect, this is not the moment to choose to imitate the trimmings of the American motor car. Mechanically it is magnificent—swift, flexible, and utterly reliable—but its bodywork, though undoubtedly comfortable, is gaudy, pretentious and increasingly a metallurgical folly. With dignity has gone all individuality, so that at Earl's Court you cannot tell one American car from another without peering at their names. The ancient notion that a bonnet was a cherished trademark is exploded in a volcano of chromium that finally takes shape in a great row of grinning fangs or a giant's mouth-organ. Prow and stern overhang extravagantly, giving an impression of a vast punt

with a glass cabin amidships, and are so nearly identical that it is anyone's guess whether the punt is coming or going.

If Americans want their motor-cars to look like this, well and good, but it seems a pity that our manufacturers should also sink their identity, in imitation; for if the present trend continues we shall find our-

selves, by the time cars are available again at home, with an almost uniform product quite alien to our native tastes. . . .

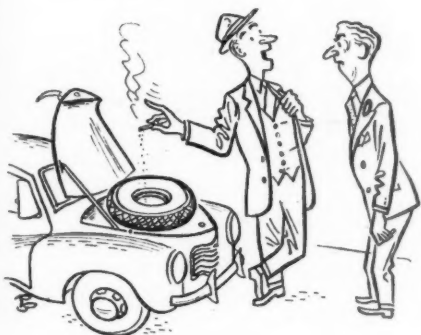
We had been in the Exhibition no great time before Mr. Punch's Artist, noting disappointment seeping into my face, asked what was the matter, and when I told him I was looking for a cheap family car in which I could wear a top-hat, put



seven children and three dogs, and carry a mountain of luggage on a grid at the back, he replied there was no such vehicle in existence. I assured him there was, and I had it, but it was twelve years old and a bit gone in the wind. At that he explained patiently that progress was a wonderful thing, and that hearses like mine were now so efficiently streamlined that they took fewer children and only one dog but did seventy-five miles an hour. I asked what for, and, becoming rather rough, he said it was to pass other family cars that were not quite so efficiently streamlined and maybe held two dogs and therefore only did seventy miles an hour. . . .



Buffeted by an eager crowd we paid our respects to the three main novelties at the show, the new Rover, the small Triumph, and the Jowett Javelin sports chassis, a nice tubular job. We goggled at the white Ford chassis revolving above a mirror, and we peered into the depths of a Hillman Minx sliced open for inspection. We looked at some really beautiful large British cars, with bodywork conceived by artists and relieved by the lovely thin line of



paint of the old coachbuilders, and we looked with regret at a few whose famous bonnets were almost hidden in ugly sheaths of metal and whose headlights had sunk into their faces like the eyes of fevered men. Sleek and potent and absurdly near the ground, the sports cars had a devilish beauty of their own. Several of noble breeding had come from the continent, but setting our island blood aside we saw nothing of more delight than the cream Jaguar, which appeared to be aesthetically perfect, apart from travelling like the wind. As we went round it seemed to us that the French and Italians, presumably less avid of the dollar, had remained more faithful to European designs than some of their British colleagues; occasionally, however, we found on foreign stands mudguardless monsters with dashboards on which rows of obscene plastic knobs ran riot.

While we were admiring the tiny Renault that has its engine in the boot a salesman lifted its minute bonnet and in all innocence a passer-by tapped into it the ash of his cigarette. . . .

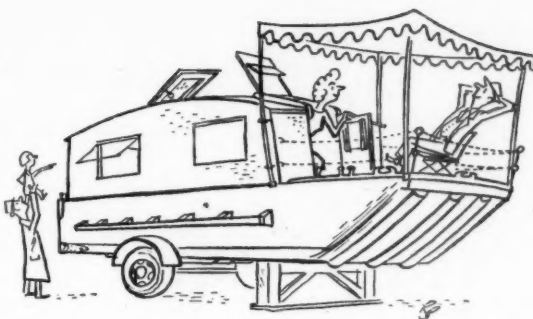
It took us a little time to grow

accustomed to the locking of most of the cars in the show. This means that if you wish to pretend you are buying one, as naturally we did, you have to ask a man in a white coat, who then goes in search of a superior being who has disappeared with the key. It is just like inciting the porter at a country station to persuade the guard to let you into a first-class carriage.

This was the opening day, and, as you may remember, there had been trouble. On the floor of the Exhibition most of the stands were ready, but up in the gallery, where tools and tyres and gadgets hold court, some of the results were curious. These stands resemble side-shows at a fair, and beside one dazzling display of bits and pieces which would have made a wonderful Aunt Sally we came on a cavern of gloom where six dejected business men sat waiting for their current to be connected. . . .

The caravans form an exciting section. They range from the very small, in which two people could camp with tolerable comfort, to the very large in which four could live like lords. The bigger ones have baths, and ingenious kitchens planned surely by women, and there is hot water and a writing-desk and even a hot cupboard. Every scrap of space has been intelligently used, and at night a wall appears decently between the two rooms. The cheapest van we saw was just under £300, the dearest nearly £2,000.

The most exciting of all, however, was an amphibian, a house-boat built on a landing-craft, with a pleasant little deck in the bows that had a gay awning above it. It can be taken anywhere by road, and the wheels come away after launching. Very enviable, we found this trailing ark. An outboard motor, worked through the drawing-room window, would turn it into a yacht, we were told. At present no plans have been made for getting it into the air. . . .



The Marine Section always looks a trifle incongruous beside the motor-cars, like an aquarium that has gone dry. We examined a shoal of sturdy craft, from a little powered pram used for Water-Dodgems up to a sloop or what-have-you whose masts disappeared into the roof. Compared with those of the cars the prices of the boats seemed surprisingly low; on the other hand, compared with the makers of caravans it was clear that designers of cabins still have much to learn about contriving domestic comfort in a small space.

ERIC KEOWN



AT THE PICTURES

The Dark Past—So Dear to My Heart

IT isn't always enough to say "I have been here before"; if it were, that could damn *The Dark Past* (Director: RUDOLPH MATÉ), for it is built on the same situation as two quite recent films, *The Small Voice* and *Key Largo*; moreover, it is a remake of *Blind Alley*, which you may have seen about ten years ago. Furthermore, it isn't very long; most cinemas that show it will bill it as the second feature. After being about in the country for some time, it has only just been given a London showing. But it's very well worth looking out for, and rewarding when found. It is what is now often called a "psychological thriller," based on that situation of the fugitive gunmen who seize a house and terrorize the occupants. It differs from the two other examples mentioned above in being much more concerned with the character and psychology of one of the intruding fugitives than with the effect of the intrusion on the householders. Those two stories made their point with the way the intrusion solved the emotional problems of the people on the spot; in

this one the man on the spot is a psychiatrist (perfectly adjusted already) who puts the chief intruder through a sharp course of treatment and solves his problem. The psychology is film psychology, oversimplified so as to be easily under-



[The Dark Past]

Sedative for a Murderer

Professor Collins—LEE J. COBB;
Al Walker—WILLIAM HOLDEN

stood by an average audience; but between them LEE J. COBB as the large relaxed doctor and WILLIAM HOLDEN as the vicious, tormented, jumpy gunman make it convincing. Their scenes together are of exceptional interest in a picture so packed with skill and imagination that every moment is absorbing.

children: the point is just to get back for a soothing hour or two into the luminous past, when everybody lived simply in the country and had no reason to worry about the rest of the world. Nearly all of it is in "live action," the sentimental story of a little boy on a farm in Indiana in 1903, and his pet lamb. As such, it is done very well by all concerned; but to call it "corn" is putting it mildly, and to call it Disney is misleading.

Each of the few cartoon sequences has its improving moral, and is introduced by way of a set of didactic cards consulted by the boy at difficult moments. The best of them is, I think, the story of Bruce and the Spider, which has some fine decorative effects as well as a touch of the old carefree Disney about the spider itself (presented in tartan costume doing a sword-dance). There are also, of course, songs; the picture is advertised—just as the last Bob Hope

one was—as if the fact that it includes a tune we have all known far too well for months held some mysterious attraction. Happily there are several other songs for BURL IVES, and he's good.

* * * * *

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Of the pictures showing in London—if you don't want to catch the last day of *You Can't Sleep Here* (28/9/49), which is very good fun in spite of some crudity—the best is probably the old (pre-war) French *Marius*, with the irreplaceable RAIMU.

In the list of official releases, *Hamlet* (26/5/48) and *The Third Man* (14/9/49) appear at the top, where they belong. Other good ones at large in the country are *They Live By Night* (15/6/49), an unbelievably successful mixture of violent crime, exciting pursuit and young love; that excellent, unusual Western *Yellow Sky* (15/6/49); and *Caught* (1/6/49), a commonplace story made interesting by lively detail and good photography.

RICHARD MALLETT



[So Dear to My Heart]

Jerry Had a Little Ram

Jeremiah Kincaid—BOBBY DRISCOLL

One begins to wonder whether WALT DISNEY now wishes he'd started with a real mouse, and not wasted his substance on riotous drawing... The old DISNEY appears very little in *So Dear to My Heart* (Director—yes, director: HAROLD SCHUSTER), and when he does appear all he wants to do is point a moral and uplift the young. This is another one aimed more at the sixty-year-old children than at the rest of us, even the six-year-old

FOR AULD TIMES' SAKE

DEAR HABB,—How many years it seems since we were in Spotty Carmichael's form together, not as many as it actually is but still a lot. Do you remember the time we put a Venezuelan iguana in his desk? Of course you cannot but do so.

Having recalled myself to your memory and played on your love for your Old School as on a zither, I now mention bluntly that you cannot turn down the request you will find in the next paragraph, because to do so would be treason towards our common past and Alma Matricide to boot, using the phrase loosely.

My boy Barbicue needs a job. Taxation, my rising standard of living and the impossibility of parking my daughters without dowries make it quite impossible for me to provide for him myself. I had hoped that during his education—a better one than we had to put up with—he would have speared some influential friends; but his good qualities—keenness as a prefect, excellent discipline as sergeant-major in the Corps, willingness to assist the University authorities as Proctor's nark—hampered his social success.

It is, then, on the lad's poor old dad that the burden falls. Looking around my acquaintances I have pitched on you. You know, Habb, you really have got on, not in a way that I personally should care to copy, but at least you have succeeded according to your lights. I cannot think offhand of anyone better placed to do well by the son of an old schoolmate.

I am not suggesting that the advantage would be all on one side. Barbicue does not come empty-handed to you. He has had experience of life and has been in and out of films several times. He has also taught English for a month in, as far as I can tell from the postmark, Ijmuiden. I leave it to you what post you create for him. After all, if you do not know the best jumping-off points in your own outfit it is quite time that you did.

It must be clearly understood that there is no question of planting your new assistant on his parents for

food or shelter: the Truck Acts will suffer no infringement from me or mine. You will have to accept full responsibility for seeing that your employee's circumstances throw no discredit on your methods of remunerating those who cast their shoulders behind your wheel.

Please let me known as soon as possible the exact designation by which Barbicue will be known. I wish to catch the next number of the Old School mag. with the announcement, a reason for treating him fair and square additional to mere decency of feeling. You would hardly wish to have it circulated overseas and elsewhere that the son of a classmate was being demeaned *chez vous*.

In the world of authorship it is usual to pay a sum in advance of royalties and this sum is not returnable. I should like some comparable arrangement to apply in the present case. Retainer, *douceur*, appetiser—I do not mind what it is called; but I want my boy to be encouraged by hearing cash chink in his pocket while on his preliminary holiday. It is not desirable that he should begin his duties in less than three weeks, a period of readjustment to the dashing of high hopes of reputable employment being essential.

Well, Habb, I will leave the matter there. I do not approve of parents' interfering with their young once the nest has been left and I gladly pass full responsibility over to you. It is the least I can do. Perhaps we shall meet some time at Speech Day. I have never forgotten the time you let me make you up. I still laugh whenever I see a piece of pumice-stone. Now that we are picking up the threads again, it occurs to me that I might sometime be able to give you a little lift. If it would make social life any easier for you do not hesitate to claim that we are on visiting terms. I shall not let you down by denying it.

By the way, as Treasurer of the Swimming Bath Refilling Fund, I have not yet received your donation. Though no swimmer yourself—how many times I have had to chuck you into the deep end!—you are certainly under a pretty strong obligation to support the cause. Those who do not confer distinction on their Old School by their achievements can at least repay some of the debt in hard cash.

Hoping that your new Public Issue is a really tremendous success,

Yours in haste,

Preen, B. W.

R. G. G. PRICE

STRAIGHT FROM THE STABLES

A September Memory

ROOKS, smoky rooks,
Squabble and squabble and caw
In the elms, in the high misty elms.
Breath of the stooks,
Breath of the rain-sweetened straw,
Fills the smoke-tinted, dream-tinted air
Where, damped and still,
Voices and murmurs are held
In the trance of the soft-fading year.
Red petals spill
Blood which hot Summer withheld
From the rain-gloried, smoke-blessed day.
Roofs, misted roofs,
Thatch-made and hurdled and damp,
Drink the draught of sweet Autumn, so sweet!
Clip of the hooves
Tells where sleek, shy horses stamp,
And tells, always tells,
Of the magic that September spells,
That September spells.

NEARLY SO

THE Artemus Ward Reader in Middle English at Oxford has discovered among the twelfth-century manuscripts in the Bodleian an interesting series of fables, apparently secular, called "Precisely Thus Stories." I am privileged to reprint here the descriptive paragraphs accompanying some of the numerous black-and-white illustrations with which, in the true mediæval spirit of ingenuous artifice, the author has adorned his work.

First, the legend for the picture which illustrates the story of "The Programme that Went its Own Way."

"This is a truly picture of Portland Place. The pale-looking animal at the front is the Home Service. You can see the Baby listening to it. The things in front of the Baby's face are bubbles. He is blowing them because it is the nearest he can get to saying what he thinks about what he hears. The Home Service turns quite white with pleasure if anyone calls it the Firstest Friend. Nobody ever does. The animal in the red nose and the funny hat is the Light. The Man and the Woman are lying on the ground because it is telling them the Firstest Joke and they are the Firstest Audience being ill laughing. At the back of the picture is the Programme that Went its Own Way, and all languages are alike to it. It is reading a Javanese prose-poem to itself and thinking how distinguished it sounds. The thing in its hand that looks like a sackbut is a sackbut. The scratchy thing in the middle is a Controversial Issue. (Nanny will explain why everyone pretends that it isn't there.) Its name is Tiph and I have put it in because nobody else would. All this picture is Big Medicine and Expensive Magic."

There follows the description of the picture illustrating the ribald fable of "How the Eunoh got its Clause."

"This is a picture of the Eunoh at half past 1950, which is very late in the day. He is sitting by a Lake looking incredible gloomy. That is because on one side of him is the snarly-yarly 'Shinsky poking him

most painfully in the ribs with a big black bothersome Spike. The Spike is called Veto, and the Eunoh finds it a most uncomfortable procedure. On the other side is the most wise Beviaan. If I were allowed to use real paint-box colours on this picture I should make him a very, very pale pink. Next to him is the Seracheson-Acheson who is prodding the Eunoh, but from the opposite side, O Best Beloved, with a Conventional Umbrella. The Umbrella's name is Erp, or One - Two - Three - what's - for - Breakfast. The Eunoh is so uncomfortable that it is beginning to come out in prickles, which are going to be claws before tea-time. I have drawn the claws very faintly; in fact I have only sketched them in tentatively. (If I were you I wouldn't ask anything about the Peace Treaties.)"

The next story is called "How the Customer Got his Bill." The illustration is explained in the following paragraph:

"This is a sad picture of the First Customer. The reason he looks so indigestible is that he has just had a meal in a 'clusive Restaurant, and it wasn't very delicious and all-nice-inside. The First Customer ordered a York Cutlet because he thought that it would be ham (which is especially-nice-inside), but it was minced elephant, which is 'seruciating unpleasant. In front of him on the table are the remains of a Madeleine Suprême. The First Customer had looked out of the windows or into the nursery fire when they were teaching him French, so he was very much astonished to be served with a package of wet dates and a rock cake, which, as you can truthfully see, is all rocky. Now he is trying to attract the attention of the Superior Waitress. Most of the time she looks at something a long way off. Sometimes she walks right past the First Customer and pretends that he is an Empty Chair, and sometimes she talks to the Decayed Gentlewoman in the Fortified Cash-desk about her achesome quakesome feet. The First Customer, O Best Beloved, could not care less urgently about her feet.

All he wants is his bill. If he doesn't get it soon he will stamp his right foot and four Extraordinary Djinnns will lift up the 'clusive Restaurant and carry it to the Outer Howling Wilderness. That is all there is in this picture."

The last story has a particularly detailed illustration. It seems that the author felt this picture to be of extreme importance, and lavished upon it most of his reserves of gold. It is called "The Beginning of the Armadollars"; this is the caption.

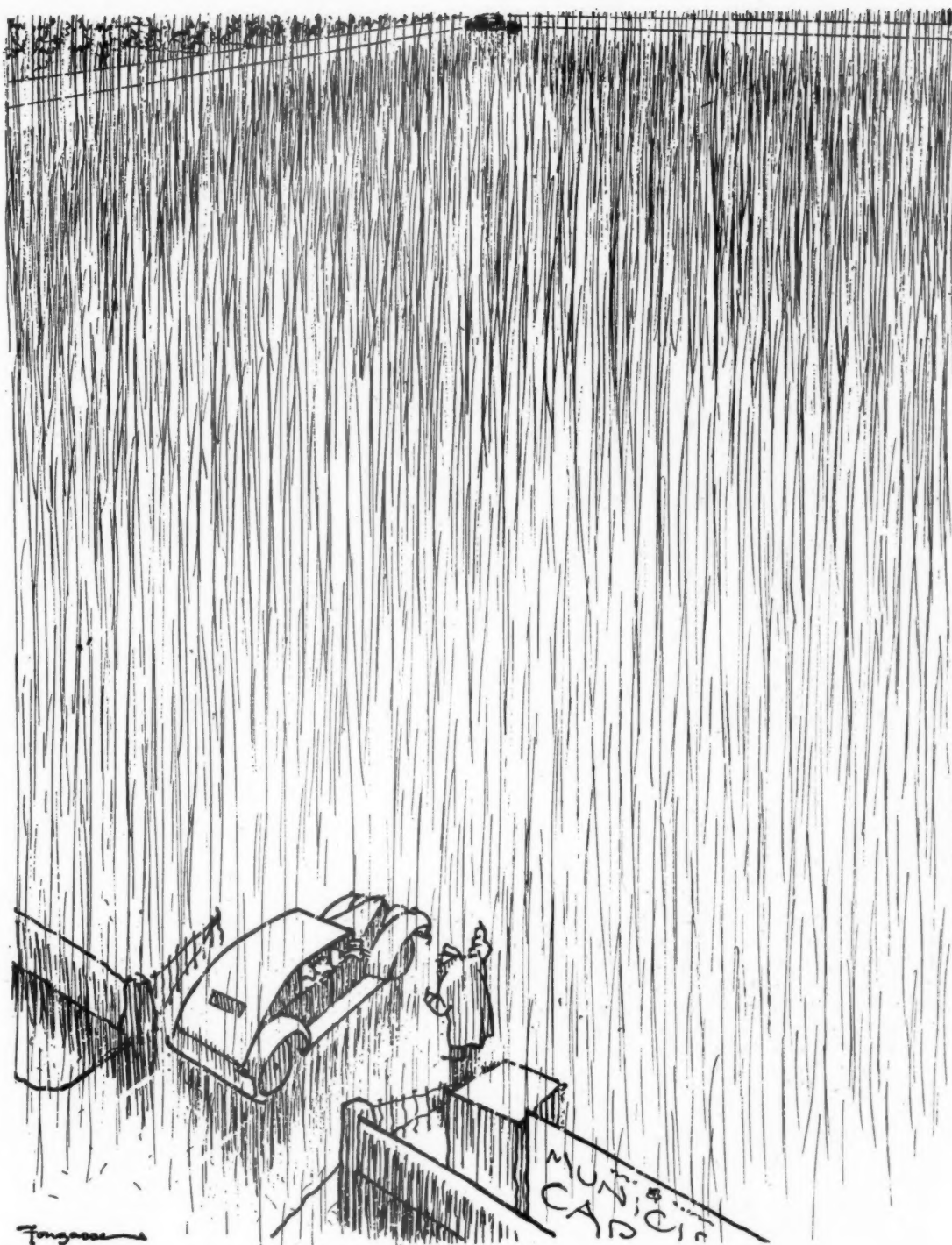
"Here is a picture of the Gap. It looks rather the same any way you turn it. The big thing on the left is all-the-Import-there-was and the small pile on the right is all-the-Export-there-was. The space between is the jaws-of-a-Gap, and stretched across it you can see the Chancellor with his far-from-infinite-resources-and-capacity, his Omniscient Brief Case, and his Retrenching Tools, which you must not forget. All-the-Import-there-was is getting larger and larger, and the Chancellor (who is nice but niggly) is getting longer and longer, and thinner and thinner, because he is afraid that if he lets go at either end he will fall into the Gap, together with his Omniscient Brief Case and his Retrenching Tools. (Had you forgotten the Retrenching Tools?) At the bottom of the Gap are the Big Miz-Maze, the Door-Sills of the Exchequer, and the Last of the Off-shore Purchases. These are all venturesome perils, even for grown-ups, and the Chancellor is therefore trying very hard to stretch himself right across the Gap. It would have been very inciting to do this picture in red and black. I should have done the Chancellor in the red, likewise his Omniscient Brief Case and his Retrenching Tools. You must never forget the Retrenching Tools."

5 5

Impending Apology

"61 SHEEP EXPORTED

A Dunbeath shepherd, Mr. D. G. Mackay, has left for Quebec in charge of 60 Cheviot sheep, which have been purchased by the Dominion Government as part of a long-term breeding plan for sheep."—"Farmer and Stockbreeder"



"Up in the far corner, please, sir—close as you can to the one that's there."

A FINE DAY'S SPORT

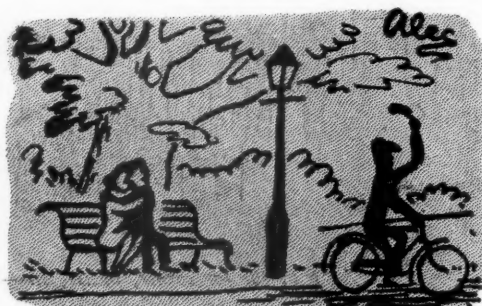
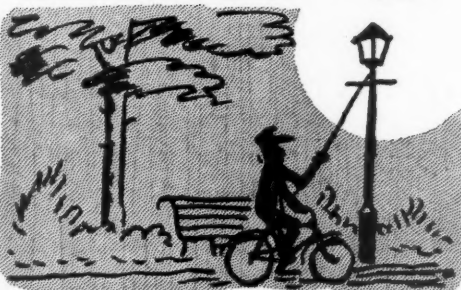
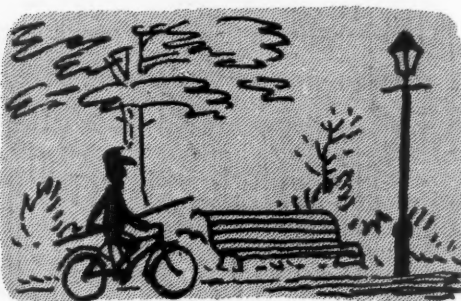
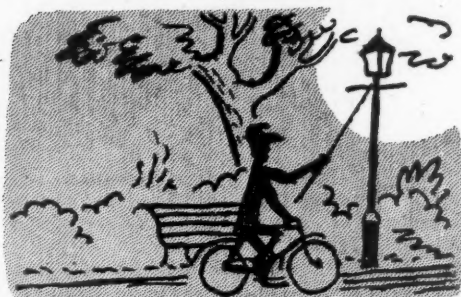
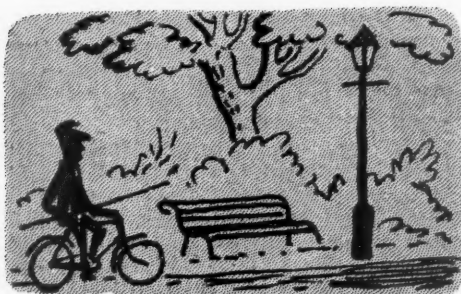
THE Laytown (Co. Meath) race-meeting, which we attended the other day, passed off with little comment from the world's press. Yet it is, we believe, the third oldest such fixture in Ireland and the only one in these islands both held on a beach and recognized by the proper racing authorities.

It is also no place for innocents. We cannot say what song the Laytown ladies sing, but we are quite sure that some of the horses there are gwine to run all day and gwine to run all night before they ever finish. The Laytown ladies, by the way, are much in evidence, mostly either behind stalls selling apples, oranges and slices of cake, or marshalling large numbers of children, in and out of prams, about the beach. Among them, when occasion permits, the races are run. Those ladies whose escorts can afford eight shillings for themselves and four for the mott* enter the enclosure, which is a small fenced-in field—behind the beach and some ten feet above it—holding a temporary stand, a more temporary-looking tote, the paddock, the weighing-tent, a tent for drinking stout in, and an insecurely swaying bell-tent marked "Ladies."

The start of the meeting was dramatic. When the tide is in, the prospective course is marked by anchored buoys, and before it was fully out men on horseback had dashed into a sea that was frothing beneath a strong south wind and hammered in posts where the buoys were floating, so that by the time the sea had receded the course was ready for action. It was, even thus early, very wet. By the time the bookies had established themselves and gathered their crowds of hopefuls, everyone was standing in about two inches of water.

The foreshore at Laytown is not very wide, and since, for the longer races, the horses run out beside the sea and back alongside the sand-dunes, they necessarily have to make a sharpish wheel at the far end of the course. As often as not the leaders, going full belt, fail to corner properly and lose anything up to a dozen lengths. A certain animal named Anthony Wakefield,

* Strictly, *girl friend, affianced*; as in the classic phrase, "Me and the mott and the mott's ma went out to Howt' in a boat."



on whose chances we had a few shillings, finished, we imagine, somewhere up among the sandhills.

The horses are started by a man in a small grey car who drives along the beach to the point at which the riders have gathered and then appears to set them off by telepathy. They finish among the fruit-stalls and the three-card-trick men, and it is the duty of a couple of civic guards to separate the crowd roughly into two halves when the horses approach, so that a narrow lane is formed up to the winning post. The last pram-wheeler is seldom across before the horses have entered the final furlong.

It is most important—and this is a point we overlooked—to go to Laytown in possession of inside information. We learned this from a bookmaker whom we gently chided for having an odds-on favourite and no other at more than four to one in a five-horse race.

"Right, Sir Stafford," he said in a kindly manner, "what one do you want, so?"

We mentioned a rather pleasant-looking chestnut we had seen in the paddock.

"Just for you," he said, "it's a hundred to one."

We sportingly asked him not to cheat himself.

"No bother at all," he said. "That horse wouldn't win with the others all swimming."

He proved distressingly correct.

Shortly afterwards we were fortunate enough to meet Mr. Willie Sheridan, a man of some standing in those parts. He, we thought, if anyone, should know something. While he was still telling us about his big win in the previous race, a splendidly-bellied man, looking like a sailor who has long sworn off the sea, hailed him hoarsely: "Hello, Willie."

"What do you know?" asked Mr. Sheridan.

"McGrath's tryin'. Will I put it on for you?"

Mr. Sheridan pulled out a pocketful of change and handed over four shillings.

"You mean shiverer!" said the possible seaman. "What's the use in that? Make it a dollar for the love of Mick."

Mr. Sheridan made it a dollar. "Frankly," he said, gazing after the rolling hulk, "that man is a tout. I wouldn't trust a word he says."

Mr. Joseph McGrath's horse, ridden by his son, won a nicely judged race, and Mr. Sheridan, who had backed it handsomely, was surprised to learn that we had not followed the tip. As we have observed, you want to know something.

Later there was a diversion when H.H. the Aga Khan, accompanied by the Begum Aga Khan, drove into the enclosure. He left his car and sat overlooking the beach, wrapped in blue rugs and obviously not caring for Irish weather. The crowds turned from the beach to hang on the wire netting and goggle in open curiosity at this fabulous personage. Inside the enclosure small boys of all ages jostled for an autograph. We observed to an acquaintance, who rushed up in triumph waving a signed race-card, that His Highness

was a descendant of the Prophet and that in his own land his followers were expected to prostrate themselves when he passed.

"Are they now?" he said. "Why, even the long fellow didn't make us do that."

The long fellow is known to some as Mr. Eamon de Valera.

When we finally returned to our car, which was parked on the beach, we found it as we had left it. This may not sound surprising, but a large American saloon nearby had sunk into the sand up to the axles. As its owner approached, small boys with spades sprang eagerly from nowhere, offering to dig him out for a shilling. The small boys of Laytown are not half as slow as some of the horses.

2 2

CYCLE

THE careful building of a grain of wheat
Calls for the services of earth and air:

Some huge parental instinct has a share
In choosing this or that from rain or heat
To make the magic recipe complete

In starch and gluten, nourishment to spare
Stored round the wheat-child's life-germ sleeping
where

Next year will see it clamouring to eat.

But I like gluten. I need lots of starch.

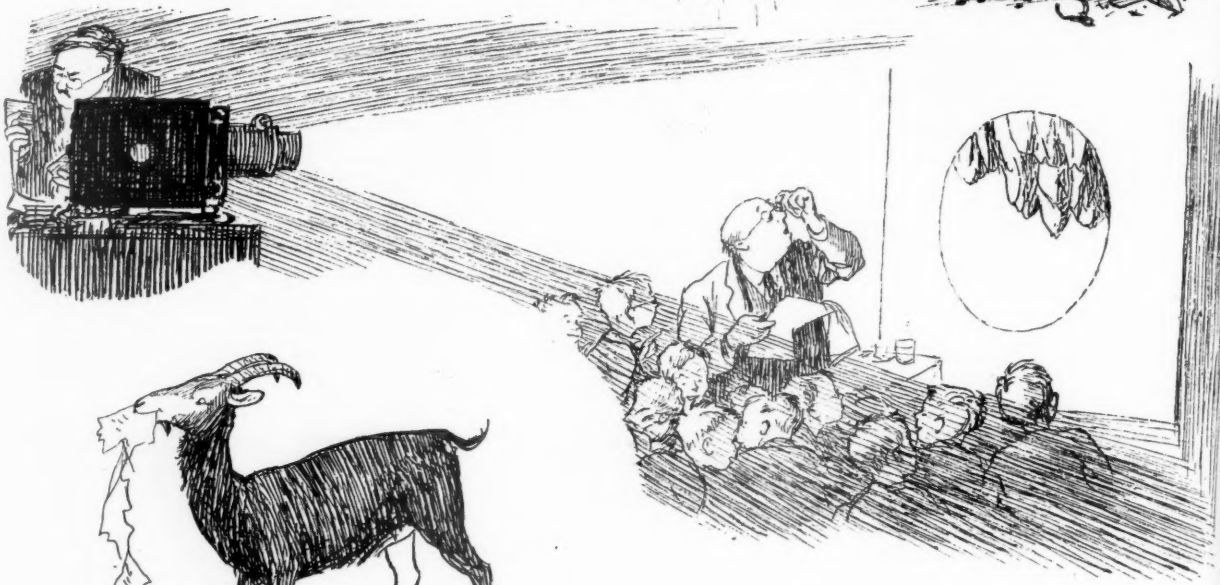
Bread is for me. The turning year shall speed,
Through green and gold, the season's fruitful march,
Sunshine and cloud, across heaven's coloured arch

To give me strength when I have snatched the seed.
Strength unto what? To plough and sow and weed.

C. C. P.



"Why, the last time I saw him he was just a tiny mite of a thing."



F. H. Shepherd

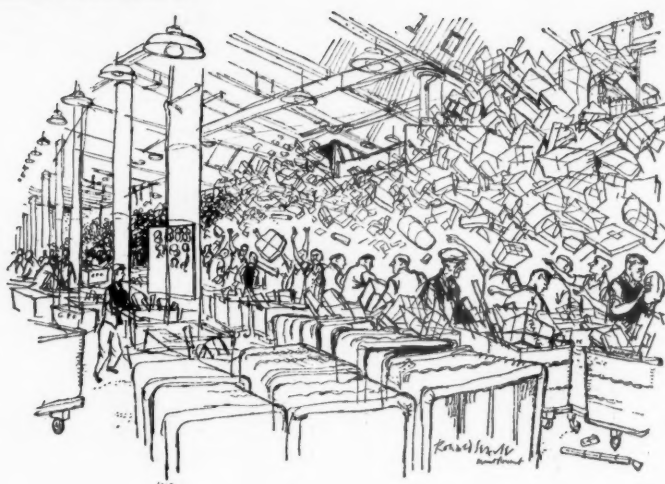
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STOP PRESS FROM ST. SIDNEY'S

DEAR DADDY, do you think you'd mind
 Getting somebody in the house to deal
 With all the stuff I left behind,
 Especially my wasps' nest and my eel?
 Patron has ordered me to send
 For my thick woollens as she says it's cold,
 But as they prickle when I bend
 Please write and say you've had them sold.
 Last week we lost eleven-nil
 In rather tricky light against St. Lillian's;
 If they had used a regulation pill
 We would have won by absolutely millions.
 On Tuesday night we had a chap
 To talk on rock formations in Rangoon.
 Brown brought a wizard thing to snap
 And make them change the slides a lot too soon.
 Old Stinker had the rotten cheek
 To keep me in all through the Junior Sports
 Because I took the goat to Greek
 And goaded it to eat the week's reports.
 They say Old Stinker's a sound bloke
 When he invites you to his house for tea;
 He has cream puffs and lets you smoke
 And Mrs. Stinker's just like Vivien Leigh.
 Well, I suppose I'll have to close;
 I've got to copy out some dashed refrain
 About not showing up my prose
 Written in Wilson Minor's blood again.
 Could you please send a spot of cash;
 Chapel collections clean you out no end,
 And my straw boater's got a gash
 They say it's hardly worth their while to mend.
 Well, I must stagger off and munch
 A strawberry ice with walnuts at the Stores
 As it is Saturday and lunch
 Consists of curried boot and apple cores.
 It would prevent a lot of fuss
 If you would kindly part with a pound note.
 Our very loving offspring, Gus.
 P.S.—I'm meant to have an overcoat,
 Also I've lost another glove
 Which doesn't matter as I never wear it.
 Give Mummy and the mice my love.
 (Five pounds would be more use if you could
 spare it.)

DANIEL PETTIWARD





GENERAL POST

WHEN they told me how many people visit the various departments of the Post Office in a year on tours of inspection I licked my pencil and began to calculate. "If x tens of thousands," I wrote, "inspect one nationalized industry or service in one year, how many men, each wearing himself to a shadow, will be needed to inspect the entire range of nationalized services, actual and projected?" To disclose my final figure now would cause needless alarm and invite criticism from America at an embarrassing moment, but the warning must not be ignored. We are in danger of becoming a nation of shop-walkers. As shareholders (or is it guarantors?) we feel that it is our duty to inspect our nationalized services, to go through their books and subject them to an efficiency audit.

Take Faraday Building, for example, the headquarters of Britain's long-distance telephone system; I had no sooner set foot in

the place before I was running my hypersensitive tape-measure over the entire organization.

"Who pays for this wonderful show of chrysanthemums in every switch-room?"

"The girls, of course. Flowers are traditional here; large communal bowls for the operators, small personalized bowls for the supervisors."

"Why isn't there more noise and bustle in here? Is nobody ringing you up, or what?"

"There is no need for noise. There are no bells or buzzers; we use visual call-signs only, and the girls don't have to shout, because they're trained to speak clearly."

"Do the operators listen-in to private conversations?"

"Certainly not—they find them much too tiresome."

I had expected noise, a cacophonous welter of decibels, hundreds of voices yelling "Hello?" "Sorry you've been trrroubled," and "I'm trying to connect you," in aggressively cultured tones, and all I heard was a gentle murmuring, no louder than one would meet in a thickly-carpeted shoe-shop during a slack period. And this is the hub of the telephone-service. Here, some four thousand switch-board operators handle one and a half million Trunk calls every week, two million Toll calls, forty-seven thousand calls

to and from the Continent and three thousand calls by radio.

"Hello" is discouraged at Faraday Building as a meaningless distraction, and none of the golden-voiced operators, I am told, can bring herself to use it even as an off-duty greeting. Another word they don't really care for is "phoney."

Düsseldorf, Frankfurt, Hamburg, Bremen, Minden, Berlin, Oslo, Gothenburg . . . so run the names, in neat lettering, over the intricate panels of the Continental switch-board. Behind the orderly ranks and files of keys, plugs and sockets the panels wink and blink as the calls come in, but there is no blaze of illumination, only the slightest suggestion of light, like that of a glow-worm at dusk. The girls sit shoulder to shoulder on made-to-measure chairs with large sections of Europe within their field of vision. To most of Europe, including Russia, they speak in French; to Scandinavia, Holland and the rest of the world, in English. Their voices travel from this room along underground cables to the coast, and then, after a deep breath, beneath the waters of the North Sea and the English Channel. Like Science—or Science before the war—telecommunication knows no frontiers.

"Voulez-vous chercher le numéro; je n'ai que l'adresse de l'abonné."

"La personne demandée n'a pas de téléphone."

"Vous avez coupé trop tôt. Veuillez rétablir la communication."

"Passez-moi la surveillante, s'il vous plaît."

Many of the operators speak the *lingua franca* like the natives they are; others speak it with a subtle French-English, English-French flavour, though the rising inflexion with which all switch-board girls are



indoctrinated never lapses. Occasionally an operator puzzles a foreigner with some such remark as "I've lost your fish (*fiche*)," but on the whole accidents are remarkably few.

The top voice in all telecommunication is TIM, the Melba of the P.O. Research Station at Dollis

every week. From the platform, where they arrive in the familiar red vans, they are emptied into chutes which convey them to an immense rampart or "glacis" (the official name) tilted at an angle of forty-five degrees. At the foot of this terminal moraine stand the postmen, a long row of them, and slowly

directed to Lincoln. And quite soon now there will be hosts of letters to be forwarded to Iceland, Alaska, Greenland, Bohemia or Toyland.

The fifteen million or so letters with a clean bill of health are soon dealt with. They are "faced" by hand—that is, turned the right way up with their stamps in the top right-hand corner—fed into the stamping or stamp-cancelling machines, where they get their permanent waves and dates, and conducted by conveyors to the sorters. Large envelopes (called packets) and wrapped newspapers are stamped by hand, which accounts, perhaps, for the puzzling superfluity of slits in the larger posting-boxes.

There is no smell of coffee in the Letter section, only a slight redolence of Inland Revenue demand notices.

To conclude this report on the work of the Post Office I can only express regret at my inability (so far) to inspect the other departments such as King Edward Building, the Central Telegraph Office, the Savings Bank, and all the ancillary operations of the ordinary little post office. But from my sample survey I can at least propose a vote of confidence in the undertaking. Perhaps I am lucky though; I've never had a letter of mine go astray, never lost a parcel (except from abroad) and I never get more than three or four wrong numbers a week.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

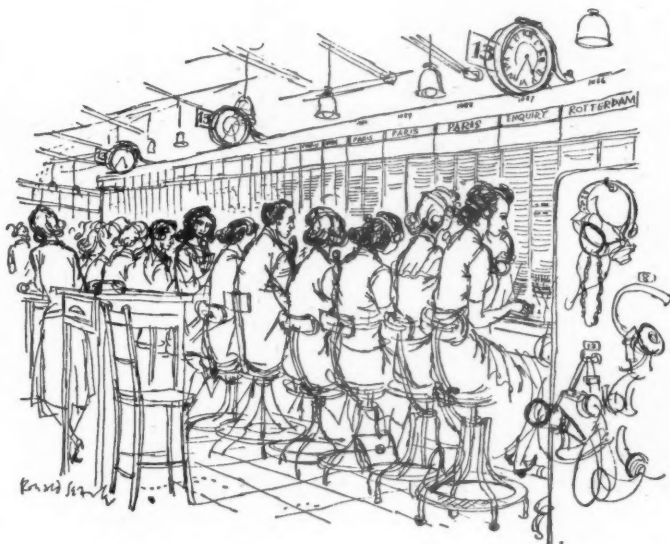
Hill, and also, I may add—as one shareholder to another—a very profitable bit of mechanism. The only possible snag about TIM is that it could monopolize the lines and hold up more important calls: in practice, however, TIM's rush-hours are at breakfast, lunch and dinner when business calls are few. So everybody, even the economist, is happy. It has been suggested (by disgruntled subscribers, no doubt) that TIM works hand in glove with the Ministry of Fuel and Power, that whenever business is slack with the time machine all domestic clocks are stopped with a nice little power cut.

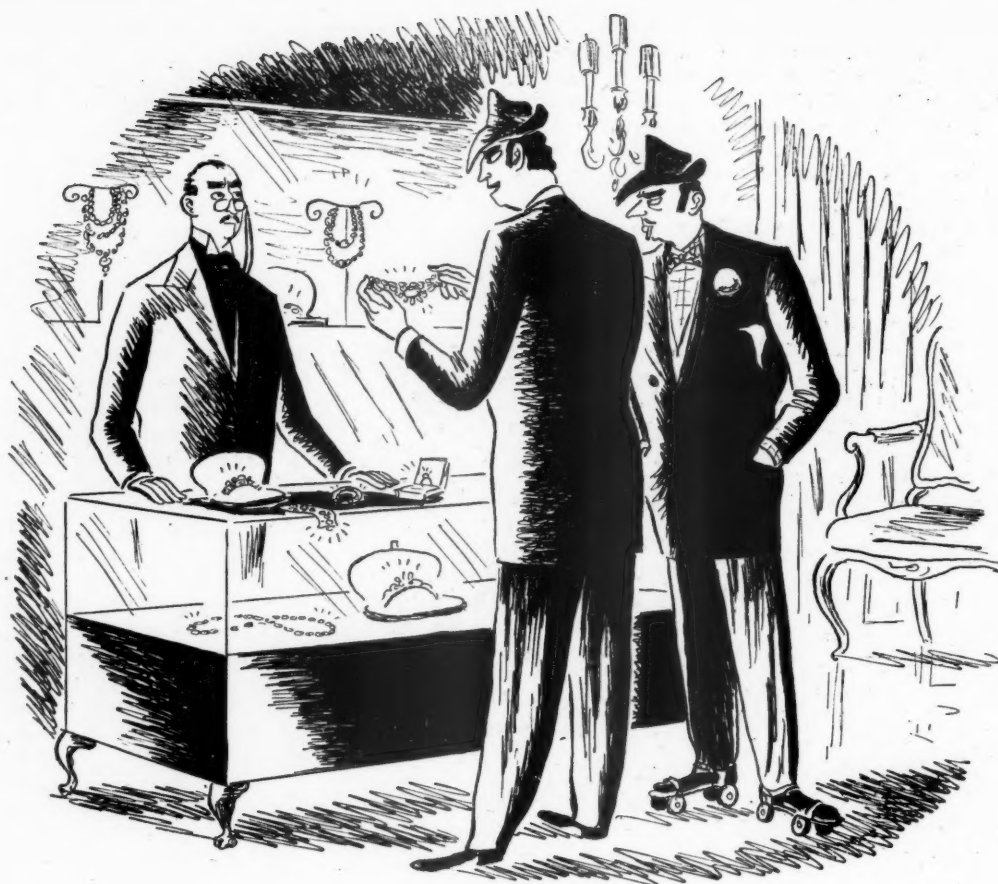
Our next item for scrutiny, shareholders, is Mount Pleasant, formerly a gigantic and evil-smelling rubbish-heap just outside the wall of London—hence the name—and now the largest Post Office in the world. Mount Pleasant, I am happy to record, now smells of coffee, good coffee.

About 3,500,000 parcels are manhandled at Mount Pleasant

under their efforts the mass of brown paper and string begins to inch down the slope and into the large baskets labelled "Euston," "Paddington," "King's Cross," and so on. Sorting on the glacis must be discouraging work, for the moraine never diminishes; as soon as one parcel has been removed another slides into its place. There are remarkably few casualties among the parcels, and these are rushed away for repairs to a bay called "Heartbreak Corner" where skilled surgery and a brief convalescence put most of them back into circulation.

The Inland or Letter section of Mount Pleasant also has its hospital, a little corner known as "Blind Duty" where thousands of envelopes are treated every week for such ailments as unintelligibility, ambiguity, obscurity and general loss of identity. Letters marked for someone at ARIJABA are soon re-addressed to Harwich Harbour, letters marked "L with ink on," by practical jokers and crossword fans are speedily





"Do you mind if my friend just takes it into the daylight?"

HOLIDAY-MAKERS

THE stout woman with the pudding-bowl haircut crunched up from the sea's edge, flushed but smiling; her party was among the few fully-clothed on the crowded beach.

"Oo, Bert," she said, "it wasn't half lovely." Her deck-chair plunged sharply in the pebbles as she dropped into it.

"Two bob wasted," said Bert. He turned up another inch of blue serge trouser; both suspenders were now revealed.

"I don't care." The stout woman, who had earlier been addressed as Lol, sighed rapturously, watching the small, grubby pleasure-boat as it chugged out again, newly-

crammed to the gunwales. "I've always wanted to go."

"Well," said Bert—"now you've been. Let's 'ave a bit of peace an' quiet."

"It's funny," said Lol, "never having been. I've always wanted to, haven't I, Mum?"

The enormous woman in pink, asleep under a black umbrella, did not answer. She had turned down her stocking-tops, and the impression of carelessly-cut highwayman's boots was only slightly impaired by the shape of her legs. The tonic rays of the noonday sun entered her system through the shins.

"Mum!"

"Shut up a minute," said

Bert. "Leave well alone, can't you?"

"I can talk. I'm having a day off." Lol was faintly assertive, but her voice was still dreamy.

"Me too," said Bert, "but you'd hardly credit it."

"It's a fact you wouldn't."

"That's what I'm saying."

"You oughter've come on the boat."

"Teh!"

"Done you good."

"Ge-et away!"

"Got that monkey off of your back."

"I'll give you monkey," said Bert. "Shut up."

"Where's the monkey?" Mum

demanded, stirring heavily and gobbling a little.

Bert took off his brown cap and replaced it with an angry slap. "Now you've done it. Woke 'er up!"

"Mum!" Lol leaned over and would have shaken the mammoth knee, but Bert put up a boot and kept her hand away. "Mum! Didn't I always want to go on one of them boats, ever since I was a tiny?"

"Fine tiny you was," said Bert. "Expect 'er memory to go back to the flaming suffragettes?"

He threw himself back in his chair and spread a widely-circulating Sunday paper over his face. His wife smoothed out her magenta skirt and gazed after the boat.

"It's not a bit cold," she announced presently.

The paper twitched.

"Who said it was?"

"You did."

"I never."

"All right, call me a liar."

"Suits me," said Bert.

"When I said I was going you said it'd be bitter, and I'd catch me death."

"Wishful thinking," said Bert.

"But it's lovely and warm, even right out to sea. I mean when you think it's September."

"Right out to sea!" Even under the paper Bert's curled lip was apparent. "Never went out o' sight!"

"We was a mile out."

"Ge-et away!"

"Him in the white cap said so. Told me."

"Im in the white cap," said Bert, throwing the newspaper backwards over his head, "was on the gang-plank when they loaded up, bawling 'Halfway to China for two bob!'"

"That was just 'is fun."

"Just 'is fun kidding you was ever a mile out, an' all."

"It was a half-hour trip," insisted Lol. "Must have gone near a mile out."

"Old wreck like that," said Bert — "take 'alf an hour to go fifty feet."

"It's ever such a nice boat."

"Danger to navigation, that's what that is."

"You never been, so what do you know, Mr. Superior?" She sighed heavily. "It's lovely."

"Lot of muck an' stink. Kids being sick."

"Healthy," said Lol. "Ozone."

"Exhaust fumes an' rotten seaweed."

"Nobody wasn't sick, neither."

"Well, I am."

"You oughter've come."

"Ge-et out!"

"Done you good."

"Cuh!"

"You'd 'ave enjoyed it."

"Pheh!"

"Might 'a' got that monkey off your back."

Bert sat up straight. The yellowed fragment of cigarette on his lower lip bobbed dangerously.

"Now look, my girl——!"

"Who said monkeys?" said Mum, suddenly sitting up and screwing her small eyes. "Monkeys!" She reached up for suspected curl-papers.

"Oh, shut up," said Bert. He added loudly, "What's for dinner?"

"Dinner?" said Mum. "I must 'a' dropped off."

She examined an ivory-white skin for traces of sunburn as Lol reached out for a long-handled American-leather bag.

"Pork brawn an' tomatoes," said Lol.

Bert unfastened the three lower buttons of his waistcoat and tapped his chest smartly several times with bunched finger-tips. "Pork brawn, eh," he said. He did not appear displeased. "Forgot the salt, I expect?"

"No, I didn't, Mr. Clever, so there!"

"Oh," said Bert. "Chalk it up."

"Something else I didn't forget, neither."

"You don't say."

"I do say."

"What, then?"

"What do you always fancy with a bit of pork brawn?"

"Cold bo'led pertater," said Bert, unhesitatingly.

With a simper Lol tossed back her straight hair and unscrewed a small newspaper-wrapped package, laying the contents on Bert's knee. "An' what do you call that?" she said archly.

Bert examined the potato critically. "Talk about eyes to see with," he said at last, but his general air was one of grudging approval, and on his first bite he said to Mum: "Lol's been on one o' them pleasure-boats. Said it was okay."

"It was lovely," said Lol.

"Somebody was talkin' about monkeys," said Mum.

"No monkeys 'ere," said Bert, munching.

"Gone to dinner," said Lol. She began to unwrap something in grease-proof paper, and gazed dreamily out to sea.

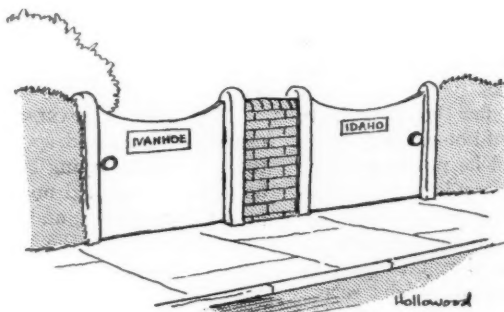
J. B. BOOTHROYD

2 2

"SOLVED. — Booth-street Methodist Church Football Club, Stalybridge, is to use temporarily garage to solve their football the site of a proposed £30,000 pitch problem."

Manchester paper.

We cannot give full marks for this solution.





IMPRESSIONS OF PARLIAMENT



Tuesday, September 27th

Half the population of the British Isles seemed to have grouped itself on the pavements outside the Houses of Parliament to watch Members of both Houses assemble this afternoon for a special sitting. The subject was the Government's decision to devalue (or "re-value," or "alter the exchange rate of," to use the current euphemisms) the pound sterling.

Blushing a little at the cheers—or the silence—which greeted them, the legislators trooped into their Houses ready for the debates, clearly no more pleased than any lesser mortals would have been at having their holidays broken, for they were not due back until October 18th.

Members on both sides of the House were not a little puzzled by the decision to alter the pound's exchange rate against the dollar from 4.03 to 2.80, because Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS was last heard in the House explaining the overwhelming disadvantages of devaluation and vowing he would ne'er consent. However, the thing was done, and it was now for him to defend the action. This was not made simpler by the fact that, as a result of the decision, the price of bread had already gone up 1d. a loaf.

The blood-pressure of Labour M.P.s went up at least in step (to use the modern jargon) with the rise in the price of bread. But Sir STAFFORD talked to them in private before the House met, and there was every sign that he had subdued, if not convinced, them, and he got a well-drilled (though slightly frigid) cheer as he rose.

There are few better able to assume an air of innocence than the Chancellor, and he put it on as he explained that any impression anybody might have had that the exchange value of sterling was *not* going to be altered resulted from the fact that it had to be kept secret. He had, in fact, had to tell what

might be called red-white-and-blue lies, out of sheer patriotism. Nobody seemed to worry about the long-term effects of this on public confidence in official pronouncements; financial strategy is all that matters, apparently.

The House listened glumly to the Chancellor as he gave variations on the theme that there must be harder work and more austerity. Exporters are to be encouraged to sell their goods for the highest possible prices (preferably in dollars) and their profits, if distributed as dividends, are to be taxed 30, instead of 25, per cent.

This gained the only cheer of the whole ninety minutes from the



Impressions of Parliamentarians

92. Mr. Clement Davies (Montgomery)

Government benches. There was noticeably less enthusiasm for the Chancellor's announcement that wages and salaries must remain as they are, whatever happened to the cost of living, which would go up "a point or so" by the end of the year. Moreover, "something" would be done to reduce the demand for goods in the home market. He did not say what that something might be.

Mr. OLIVER STANLEY, in unusually austere mood, spoke first for the Opposition, saying bluntly that he, at any rate, had no confidence in the Government, and could not, therefore, vote for the Chancellor's motion. Nor, in his view, would the nation give the Government a vote of confidence when its chance came.

The debate then became a Back-bench affair, but it was noted that Mr. CHURCHILL went off with a handful of rough notes with which to fashion the atom bomb he plans to launch at the Government—to-morrow.

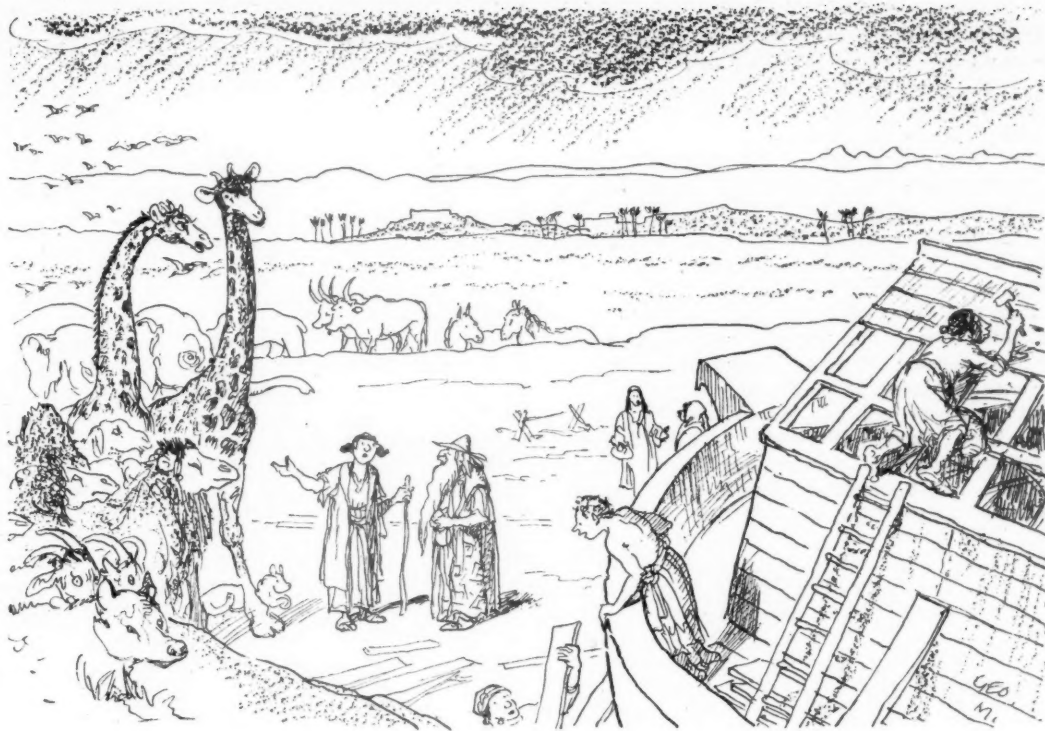
Wednesday, September 28th

When Mr. CHURCHILL strode, his oratorical atom bomb in a steel-lined box, into the House to-day, it was evident that he was in form. He sat down to the applause of his supporters, then rose and spent a long time standing clinkingly at the Table, while he carefully unlocked the box and drew forth his sheaf of notes. Then he sat down again—just in time to jump up alertly as the Speaker called his name.

He wasted no time in preliminaries, but announced at once that the country had four years of Socialist mismanagement behind it, a General Election before it. The latter presented the country with the opportunity to correct the former, but it was apt to overshadow all our domestic affairs. And the election would be fought with a fundamental divergence the country had never known. We were on the verge of bankruptcy—

"Sell your horse!" suggested Mr. SHURMER, and, when the laughter had died down, Mr. CHURCHILL retorted that he could, at least, sell Colonist II, his race-winner, for far more than he had paid for it—adding slyly that he would *not* do so, as he wished to "rise above the profit motive." He then moved a motion of censure on the Government—by way of amendment to the motion of confidence moved by the Government.

There were many Churchillisms. The Chancellor's performance in changing his mind over devaluation was "like that of a squirrel in a cage," and it was a "humiliating tergiversation." Sir STAFFORD's references to the Conservatives had



"It's the giraffes, sir; they're clamouring for a sunshine roof."

been "aggressive and offensive," said Mr. CHURCHILL truculently, but the gleam of good-humour returned to his eye as he added: "I choose my epithets with care—and I have a large collection of them!"

The Government preferred the disinterested loss-makers who ran our nationalized industries to the interested profit-makers (and taxpayers) in control of private industry. But he had invincible faith that the country would overcome its difficulties—including even the Socialist Government.

Mr. HAROLD WILSON, President of the Board of Trade, rebuked Mr. CHURCHILL for having made an "election speech"—and then delivered a speech so like an election address that somebody commented that it lacked only the candidate's rosette. He spoke of Tory criticisms as being a "crescendo of denigration," and he demanded to know the Opposition's policy.

Their Lordships, after a series of bright exchanges which included a

loudly-resented comment by Lord HALL, First Lord of the Admiralty, that the Opposition was doing its best to sink the Ship of State, defeated the Government's motion of confidence in its own policy by 93 votes to 24.

Thursday, September 29th

Mr. ANEURIN BEVAN, who had missed no word of the debate this week, had his turn to speak, and he bounded (there is no other adequate word) into the Chamber, metaphorically rolling up his sleeves. He had an audience as big as Mr. CHURCHILL's—which is saying a good deal, and his every syllable was heard with glee by his friends. Like his wartime adversary, Mr. CHURCHILL, he lost no time in getting down to cases.

He plunged into a direct personal attack on Mr. CHURCHILL, and achieved the remarkable feat of speaking for an hour and a half without referring either to Govern-

ment motion or Opposition amendment—both of which were, nominally, under debate. The midnight oil of several nights was discernible in his copious notes, but it lubricated several clever phrases such as "the pricking of the bloated bladder of lies with the poniard of truth," "the Goebbelist system of mass-suggestion," and "Mr. Churchill is not the leader of the Conservative Party—he is their decoy."

Less happy, perhaps, were his references to the Tories' alleged responsibility for the "semi-starvation of millions of British people" or his recommendation that Mr. CHURCHILL should avoid tarnishing his reputation further by retiring from public life.

As a Parliamentary performance, the speech deserved the prolonged ovation the Labour Benches gave it. After it, inevitably, the debate became a little "tame," and as it ended in a crowded and excited House, the Government won by 350 votes to 212.

THE SHIPPING FORECAST

IN Accents bland the calm Announcer reads
The Shipping Forecast for the Sailors' Needs;
And tells the Mariners in distant Stations
Of Storm or Calm, and of Precipitations.
Nor is the Visibility forgotten—
Sometime 'twill be extreme, and sometime rotten.
Each fickle Show'r that passes o'er the Deep
Is foreordained, and must his Order keep.

But Landsmen, working far from troubl'd Ocean,
All unaffected by the Sea's Commotion,
Hearing the Voice (before the dreary News
Of Strikes and Wars, of Crises and of Queues)
When, quiet-toned, each wat'ry Zone it tells,
Speaking of hoisted Cones, and Winds and Swells,
Experience a Stirring of the Heart,
And thrill to hear each new Recital start.

Iceland, the Faeroes, Fair Isle, Rockall, Bailey,
Romantick Names that greet us four Times daily—
On getting up, at Breakfast, Lunch and Tea—
Hebrides, Shannon, Fastnet, Irish Sea.

Malin and Finisterre, Sole, Biscay, Lundy,
Cheer the dull Dawning of reluctant Monday.
Thoughts of the Brave who, eager for the
Fray,

In many a fierce Encounter gain'd the Day
And kept proud England's Honour shining bright
Are called to Mind by Plymouth, Portland, Wight,
Dogger and Heligoland, Forties and Humber,
Scenes of the Deeds of Heroes without Number.
All up the Coast, great Estuaries and Bays
Where Britain's History's writ in graphick

Phrase—

Dover and Thames, industrious Tyne and Forth:
And Caledonia's sternest, wildest North,
Grey Cromarty, where once the Might of Rome
Looked, nor adventured, but set Face for Home.

Thus the enchanted List'ner, carried free
O'er wide Expanses of the living Sea,
Refresh'd, returns to work the daily Round;
Not sorry, though, to be on solid Ground.



*"Very good, Madam. Burgundy with the chicken, and
coffee and Grand Marnier with the television."*

AT THE PLAY

The Golden Door (EMBASSY)—*Variety* (PALLADIUM)

THERE is room in the theatre, and always will be, I hope, for the hurly-burly family play that makes no great demands on the emotions but wins us by unassuming sincerity and warmth. Miss SYLVIA REGAN's *The Golden Door* strikes few memorable sparks, and tries, perhaps, to

something of true tragedy. In a cast that is of no more than sound repertory standard two other performances are worth noting: Mr. MEIER TZELNIKER's soft-hearted shop-keeper, conquering Mrs. Felderman after a long and comic siege, and Mr. ALFIE BASS's rumbling

other tricks familiar to listeners, and considering we have only just discovered radio I fail to see why there should be any difficulty in accepting telepathy as the solution.

The safeguards are impressive. A member of the audience, chosen to its satisfaction (names and addresses are demanded of everyone taking part), shepherds Mrs. PIDDINGTON outside, while a selector, changed at the direction of the audience, picks a geometrical design from a bunch of twenty. On Mrs. PIDDINGTON's return her escort delivers an affidavit that she has been innocently employed. She then goes to an easel and—her husband screwing up his face as if he were watching someone stepping off a cliff—draws the correct design. Even more remarkable is her feat of telling us most of a sentence chosen at random from one of a number of books.

The PIDDINGTONS are a pleasing couple, and clearly have an act which might become a classic, but they must speed it up. At present their approach-shots take too long.

ERIC KEOWN

[*The Golden Door*

Lamentations

Aaron Greenspan—MR. MEIER TZELNIKER; Becky Felderman—MISS LILLY KANN; Benjamin Brownstein—MR. ALFIE BASS

cover too much ground, yet it leaves us with the comfortable feeling that its *Feldermans* are real people, and that though they live shabbily on the East Side they have allowed us to become their friends.

Apart from one daughter, whose business sense is all-consuming, they are kind, hospitable folk, Jewish immigrants from Europe who take easily to New York, and Mrs. Felderman, the widowed mother, is a matriarchal whirlwind, a domestic tactician with an eighteen-carat heart. She has a simple strength, and even though *Esther* dies in a fire and *Hymie* is killed in the first war she can still inspire hilarious parties and still display her generalship undimmed in the recapture of an errant son-in-law. Everything in the play finally hinges on her absurd and lovable character, and Miss LILLY KANN expresses it with a touching humanity. This actress has gusto and tenderness; after *Esther's* death there are brief moments when she brings into the tenuous pattern of the chronicle

Socialist, whose departure in his cap for Moscow and the balcony of the Kremlin left me almost unbearably sad.

Animals in the stalls are so comparatively rare that I may be forgiven for reporting that part of this play was watched with the utmost attention by a Siamese cat, sitting beside me. When he had seen his fill he climbed slowly over the footlights, made his way casually among the *Feldermans'* feet, and disappeared into their back premises—doubtless in search of the icebox, where I hope he was not disappointed.

To me it seems rather gallant of the PIDDINGTONS to go out to meet their more cynical critics with a startling demonstration of Mrs. PIDDINGTON's memory. The audience at the Palladium contributes a list of twenty complicated objects which she later reels off, blindfolded, against the right numbers and in any order. But memory can scarcely be the answer to the

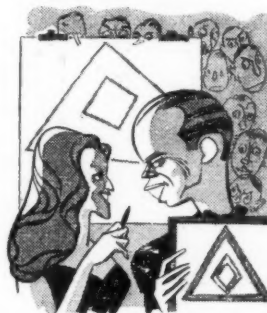
Recommended

DEATH OF A SALESMAN—*Phoenix*—First-rate American tragedy, with Paul Muni.

SUMMER DAY'S DREAM—*St. Martin's*—Priestley's entertaining commentary on modern life.

*TREASURE HUNT—*Apollo*—Irish extravagance, with Sybil Thorndike exquisitely mad.

* Suitable for young people

[*Variety*

Almost Alone They Did It
THE PIDDINGTONS

DEVALUATION AND THE TOTH

THERE is in my family a custom—which may be a significant survival from the pagan past, or, alternatively, may not—whereby anybody who loses a tooth—anybody, that is, who is of an age when teeth are still replaceable, free, without benefit of Health Scheme—can claim sixpence from any sufficiently gullible relative on production of the tooth. First of all, parents and so on are fleeced. Then the tooth is sent, with a suitable covering letter, to the most likely of the non-resident relatives. So far, that has mostly been me. As a result I have accumulated two collections. One is of Toth Letters, so-called from the prize of the collection which reads, baldly: "My toth is uot. Wer

is the munny." The other is of teth. These I would be glad to be rid of. They are sordid little relics, nothing like the sweet pearly things that were, not long ago, so proudly displayed *in situ*. I could of course throw them into the garbage bin, but I can't. They were, after all, a part of my own flesh and blood, and presumably they did a good job. And then there's that business about witches and nail-clippings. (This feeling is definitely a survival from the pagan past and you will be glad to know that that is as far as I let it take me.)

When I last saw my nephew Bill he drew my attention hopefully to a disgustingly waggly front tooth.

I had therefore been expecting an addition to the collection before long and was surprised when yesterday I got a letter from Bill with no little tooth-shaped bump in it. The letter explained the omission. "... My toth came out at tea on sum tost. I have expoted it to Aunt Jenny to get sum dolers. I put it in a machbox. Please send 6 pense..."

Aunt Jenny lives in San Francisco and is fairly gullible, and I am, come to think of it, only surprised that Bill, with his marked financial acumen, has not attacked the dollar market, through her, before. And I am sorry that his toth timed its defeat by the tost so badly. For devaluation came the very day after the expot set off in the machbox. Before that the toth-rate would have been ten to the dollar, and I am sure Bill would not have been the man to go slow on production. I, too, would willingly have packed up my priceless collection in a machbox and sacrificed it for dollars. But now I doubt if it is worth it. What devaluation means to the toth-market, and to Bill—and I doubt if a clearer illustration of its mysterious workings will be found in any other field—is that now, to help to bridge the gap, Bill will have to sacrifice fifteen point something teeth to make a dollar, instead of a mere ten.

Well, there are gaps and gaps, and some of them are more immediately important to, for instance, Bill, than others. I suppose the home market, which is me, will have to continue to absorb the total output of teth.

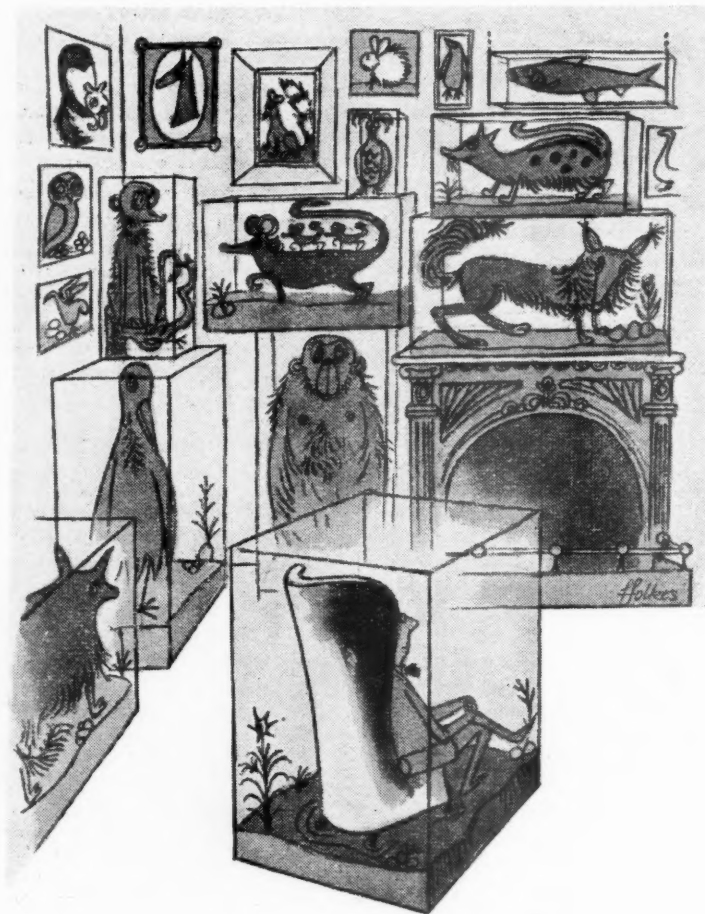
§ §

ROMANTIC INTEREST

SOMEWHERE, in this warm night,
In aëry bedroom-bower,
Breath falling petal-light,
Her face a dream-filled flower,
Moon-lucent, starry-bright
Etc. . . ditto, repeato . . .
All Beauty lies.

Mosquito,
Why pick on me to bite?

JUSTIN RICHARDSON



BOOKING OFFICE

Traitors' Gait

MISS REBECCA WEST'S reports of the treason trials that followed the last war have already become classics of journalism. In *The Meaning of Treason* she reprints them, embedded in a general consideration of the nature of treachery which fails to dim their brilliance. Joyce, Amery, Nunn May, the prisoners of war who gained a seedy and precarious freedom in return for services incoherently used by their captors, minor figures too scared or stupid to be called traitors at all, are drawn in a harsh light at the moment of their trials. As a law reporter Miss West is too moved to be detached, too determined to be detached to be penetrating, so that her description of legal process is vivid rather than illuminating. One does not see behind the trial the long growth of principle that has determined its form. It is impossible not to be held and excited by the writing, but the effect is contrived and cinematic.

There is a good deal of new information in the book, gathered from interviews with people who had known the traitors earlier in their lives or from the gossip of the great world. Miss West's eye for the odd fact or encounter gives her study much of its extreme readability, though there is a loss in its avoidance of the obvious. The historian, unlike the reporter, must not be afraid of hitting things in their drab middles.

The study of Joyce, the longest in the collection, is easily the best. He was a remarkable man, and the story of his life, tracked down with ingenuity and pertinacity, makes him comprehensible. Miss West emphasizes that he was unlovable and even revolting; her emphasis is necessary, as the effect of her biography is to show him pitiful in the misuse of considerable intelligence and courage. He was an Irishman, who may have fought as a boy for Britain against Sinn Féin, and had a twisted love for her Army and her power. He was illiterate and vulgar, unemployable in the class of work which his brains and strength of character deserved. A good teacher, a brilliant speaker, an amusing companion and an efficient organizer, he could find only in Fascism the outlet for his powers. When he discovered that Mosley had no place reserved for him after victory was won, he broke with him and set up on his own, almost certainly on German money. At the outbreak of war he left the Fifth Column for despised and unrewarded service at the enemy headquarters, and when the power of Germany which had dazzled him had waned and guttered he stood his trial and listened with a cold and sneering courage to his lawyers haggling technicalities for his life.

Many of the other traitors were mean creatures crushed by the disaster of capture which they had nothing in them to withstand. The chief interest in their story is the inefficiency with which Germany wasted whatever services they could have done her. Nunn May, who sold atomic secrets to Russia, was a different type, a scientist of distinction whose bearing in the dock did not impress Miss West and who becomes

in her account a shadowy figure. He does not quite fit into her pattern. The rather strained writing of the generalizations on Treason may be partly due to a determination to see the Traitor as repelled rather than as attracted. He must be a misfit reacting against his country and looking round for a loyalty to replace his natural loyalty. But Joyce and Nunn May, at least, consciously transferred their loyalties and are incomprehensible unless treated positively as well as negatively. Joyce, in a remark which Miss West does not quote, claimed that he was no more a traitor than the Germans who went to America after 1848. It is difficult to discuss modern history at all if you assume that Fascism and Communism have no gravitational field of their own, but merely catch the abnormal who through some moral or psychological defect fling away from the embrace of their native land.

Surely the interesting thing about this batch of traitors was how on earth they found Nazi Germany attractive; an analysis of its attraction would have been more helpful than the dicta, Biblical in language and portentous in tone, with which Miss West desperately tries to answer all the questions but the essential one. If she had sketched in some historical background she might have found the meaning of Treason more easily than by insisting on wresting it from a few examples restricted to one time. Any explanation of Treason should be sufficiently fundamental to explain Father Campion, Lord Nithsdale and Marshal Ney. By taking only the shabby and pathological she weakens the gravity of the offence. And we may need to know a good deal about the subject in the future.

R. G. G. PRICE



"The moon had risen now and the night was calm and serene. 'Come, darling,' he murmured, and they walked out into a garden heavy with the scent of roses made and printed in Great Britain by Blagworthy and Sons."

Born Black

After the American War of Independence a Virginian sea-captain, a Negro with a fighting record, was returned to slavery while George Washington, driving to ceremonies that made him first President of free America, was accompanied by liveried slaves. From the earliest days of semi-paternal servitude, through the harshest times in the cotton-fields and with many ups and downs of public temper, Negro life in the United States has been something that no American, and perhaps no Englishman, can contemplate with equanimity. It is less than a hundred years since "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was written, and to-day Negroes have made good their claim to a proportionate place in civilization's culture, but that much remains to be given and taken before the deal is fair is clear from Mr. Roi Ottley's *Black Odyssey*, a recital based on innumerable personal stories and alive with unexpectedly poignant or smiling touches no less than with American idiom.

C. C. P.

The Bar of Dreams

As the present becomes increasingly unappetizing, those whose "winged intellects" have all time to range in fledge themselves for longer and stronger flights. Grandfathers and grandchildren have a title to escape. They have done their work or not begun it. But when Signor Daniele Varè throws a long bridge of memory from Venice to Scotland and crowds it with the epic figures of a literary childhood, he is doing a service not only to his grandchildren but to us who must also have our "days off" in order to survive. "The Brushwood Boy" and "The Bronze Pig," Kipling and Hans Andersen, lurk behind *The Doge's Ring*, the legend of two little cousins and the Lion of St. Mark which serves as the good genius of their family. And Scott, you feel, has fathered the young Dominie—so exquisitely depicted by the late Sacha Jacovleff—to whose erudition the children's acquaintance with Marco Polo and Frobisher's gentlemen-adventurers is inevitably ascribed.

H. P. E.



"See? I bang my head every time I go upstairs."

Happy Families

At that moment of desperation in which her world seems to consist of large, insatiable mouths into which she is reluctant to launch another cottage pie, the housewife will find much comfort in *A Calendar of Food and Wine*. Under the heading of each month Miss Nell Heaton offers intelligently varied suggestions of what can best be done with the supplies in season. Some of her recipes, such as Crème Brûlée (contrived, incidentally, without a salamander) require an understanding with a cow, but many tried old friends are here, including liver and bacon and roly-poly, and her main object is to give fresh but simple twists to the use of materials that habit has forced into a rut. Have you, for instance, ever considered Cherry Soup, Shrimp Pie, Liver Coquilles, Duck Pudding, or Raspberry Fritters? To a book produced as handsomely as its subject demands Mr. André Simon contributes useful monthly notes on liquid possibilities, and Mr. T. B. L. Huskinson a number of highly edible drawings.

E. O. D. K.

Grim Voyage

Mr. Andrew Geer, in his novel *The Sea Chase*, tells the story of a German tramp steamer caught by the outbreak of war in Sydney Harbour, and of her Nazi captain's attempt to get back to Germany under the guns of the British Navy. The tale is one of stark horror throughout. A death from gas-gangrene, of which the reader is spared none of the ghastly details, suicide and murder all have their part in the story, and the risks of ice and tempest in high latitudes are the least part of the "Ergenstrasse's" ordeal: a background against which her one woman passenger seems somehow rather out of place. The author has an undoubted gift for vigorous narrative, and he succeeds admirably in maintaining the tense atmosphere of impending doom until the inevitable climax of the story is reached. His book is definitely not one for the squeamish, but those who like their meat strong will enjoy it.

C. F. S.

Books Reviewed Above

- The Meaning of Treason.* Rebecca West. (Macmillan, 18/-)
Black Odyssey. Roi Ottley. (Murray, 18/-)
The Doge's Ring. Daniele Varè. (Methuen, 8/6)
A Calendar of Food and Wine. Nell Heaton and André Simon. (Faber, 16/-)
The Sea Chase. Andrew Geer. (Collins, 10/6)

Other Recommended Books

- Shakespeare and his Critics.* F. E. Halliday. (Duckworth, 30/-) Unprecedented one-volume "companion to Shakespeare studies," handsome and comprehensive. One half consists of a biography and chapters about style and the Elizabethan literary and dramatic scene; the other deals with the critics, giving, in anthological form, first their views of Shakespeare in general and second what has been said about each play. Illustrations.
Westward Ho! S. J. Perelman. (Reinhardt and Evans, 10/6) For readers untroubled by the difference between the author's Grade A manner (*Crazy Like a Fox* and *Keep It Crisp*) and his Grade B manner (*Acres and Pains* and this, the account of a world tour). Funny, but too often slapdash and forced. Recommended—unlike the Grade A ones—by the Book Society.



"That's another of my labour-saving devices—which one, I can't remember."

THE RADIO DRAMATIST

xx

WHEN the conversation of my friends tends to dwell unduly on matters of little interest to me, I have never scrupled to guide it unobtrusively to something else. Usually I find this fairly easy, but a short time ago I suffered a defeat. For some reason my mind happened to be full of Thomas de Quincey, but the talk revolved with lunatic persistence round the subject of refrigerators. Now the gap between De Quincey and refrigerators is not so wide as might be supposed, and it may be bridged—or so at any rate I thought at the time—by the following ideas: refrigerators—march of civilization—savagery of the past—human sacrifice—opium-eating—De Quincey. It may be urged that human sacrifice might be omitted, but I have always found that this subject stimulates lively exchanges,

and as it is one about which everyone has something to say it often has the effect of loosening the tongues of the shy members of the party.

My first step, then, after a preliminary remark about the refrigerator as a milestone on the march of civilization, was to stress the savagery of the past and then to dwell on the fact that human sacrifice was no longer practised. Here I suffered my first check, a North-countryman who had not previously opened his mouth asserting bluntly that a good deal of it went on in the lonely mountain districts near Penrith. A sharp argument followed, and by the time I had wrenched the conversation round to opium I must confess that I was miserably vexed. Then, before I could turn round, everyone was chattering away about false teeth.

I dare say my readers may be asking themselves what all this has to do with radio drama. My point is this: men who can discuss opium for the briefest period without mentioning the name of Thomas de Quincey are clearly very much out of touch with the world of letters. Might not this state of things be remedied in some measure by what I will call the "informative" radio play? I think it might. We could write a play, for example, bringing in Coleridge, De Quincey and William and Dorothy Wordsworth, and, by contriving an exciting situation from time to time, we could induce the listener to absorb a mass of literary information which, neat, if I may so put it, he would reject. I doubt if the situations required could be obtained from the lives of the characters, and I am inclined to

think that they would have to be purely imaginary. The modern listener is accustomed to pretty strong fare, and if his emotions are to be whipped to fever heat something more will be required than Coleridge's discovery of the sonnets of Bowles or Wordsworth's appointment as Distributor of Stamps for Westmorland.

We might first make an attempt at dealing with an afternoon call on the Wordsworths by De Quincey. (In the following fragment of dialogue I have tried to maintain a certain informality without sacrificing dignity. Thus, the Wordsworths and De Quincey knew each other pretty well and had probably attained a relationship of that sort of back-slapping familiarity in which the use of anything but Christian names would appear ridiculously stilted. De Quincey and Miss Wordsworth would no doubt have long ago become "Tom" and "Dot," and if Wordsworth himself were still "William" rather than "Bill" it was due simply to the power of the formidable daemon within the man. However this may be, my point is that the use of surnames is very much more in keeping with the intended tone of the piece.)

Wordsworth. Come in, De Quincey, come in! Great news! I have been appointed Stamp Distributor for Westmorland!

De Quincey. Well done, Wordsworth! £500 a year, I believe?

Wordsworth. Yes. I owe the

appointment to the influence of Lord Lonsdale.

Dorothy Wordsworth. A cup of tea, Mr. De Quincey?

De Quincey. I suppose you haven't such a thing as a drop of laudanum in the house?

Wordsworth. I'm afraid that Coleridge—look out, De Quincey! (*A rumble of falling masonry is heard.*) By heavens, man, I thought you were done for! These old houses! Practically falling to pieces! Well, as I was saying, Coleridge called here yesterday on his way to Grasmere sports. He is wrestling in the middleweights, as you probably know, and it appears that he has found a moderate use of laudanum beneficial during his training. I'm afraid he has taken our entire supply.

Dorothy Wordsworth. A success at the sports would help the circulation of *The Friend*. I believe he hopes to dispose of a few copies among the spectators between the bouts.

Wordsworth. He promised to look in to-day—why, here he is now! Let us hope he has won!

De Quincey. He walks with a limp.

(*Enter COLERIDGE*)

Coleridge. Cross-buttocked before I was ready! Never since I first saw the light in Ottery St. Mary on the twenty-first of October, 1772, etc., etc.

The main difficulty of a play of this kind, it seems to me, lies in the

awkwardness of limiting the excitement of the situations so that the dialogue can carry the information in a natural way. If we have Wordsworth hanging by his hands over a Helvellyn precipice, for example, it would be necessary to try to dovetail into the dialogue some account, say, of his visit to France in 1790, or perhaps of his experiences at Cambridge, and I must confess that it is difficult to see how this could be done. However, I am convinced that some attempt on the lines I have indicated would result in a speedy improvement in the literary education of the public.

TO A DEAR YOUNG THING

HAD it been granted me your hand to hold,
Sweetest of maids, how fair had been my fate!

But others plucked the prize. I could but wait

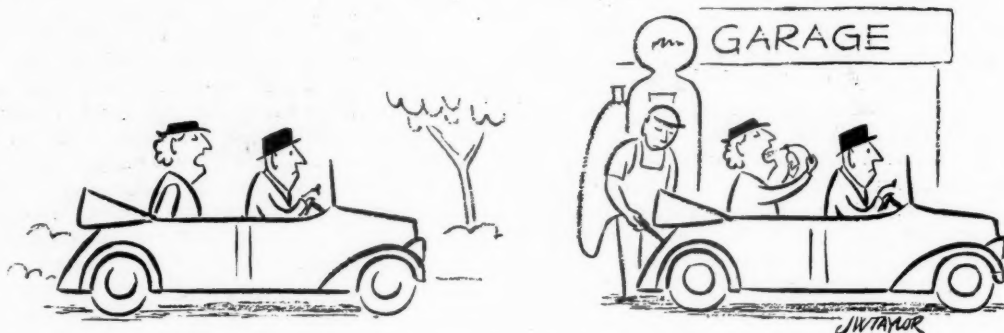
And watch the drama "Might Have Been" unfold.

Sweetest of maids, how little fair my fate!

I deemed the world was ours.

You, overbold,
Muffed a finesse! Should we have been down eight

Had it been granted me your hand to hold?



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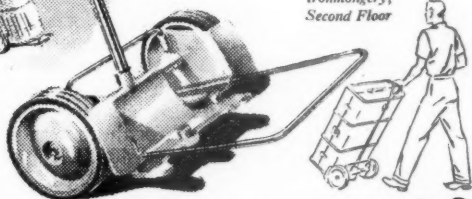
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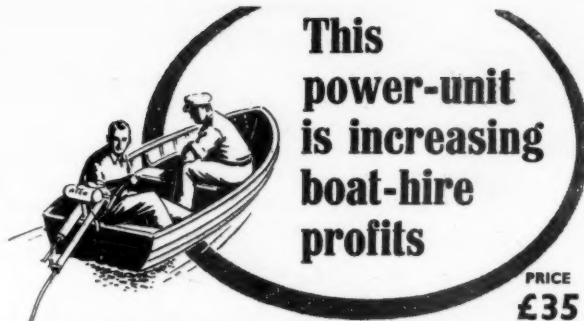
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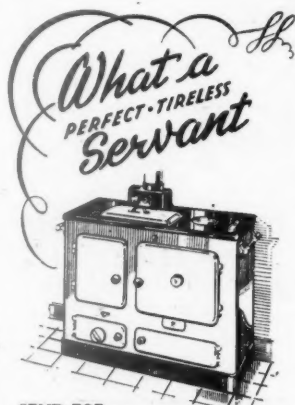
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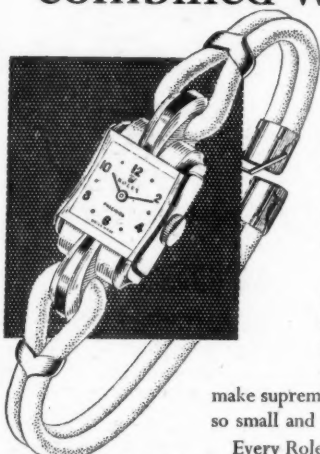
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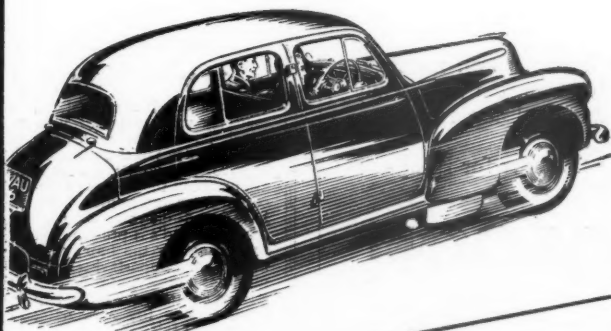
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Rp. 5

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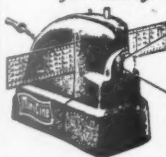
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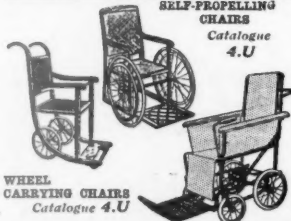
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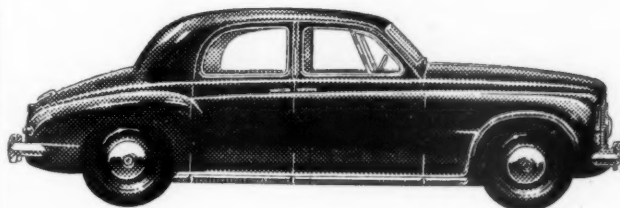


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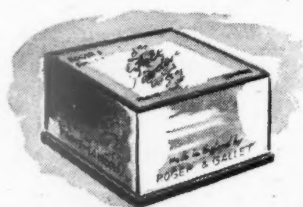
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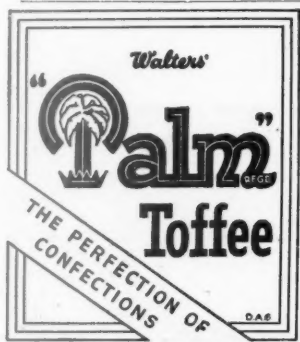
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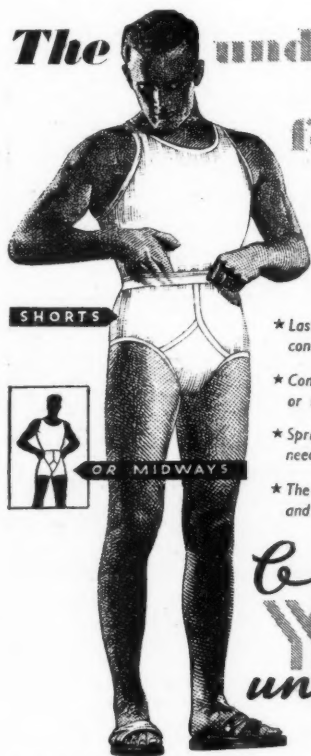
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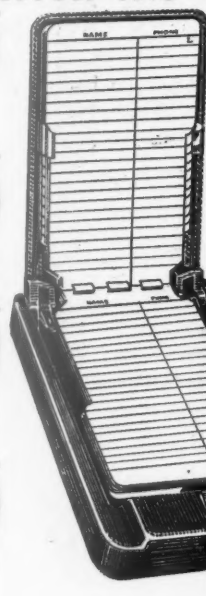
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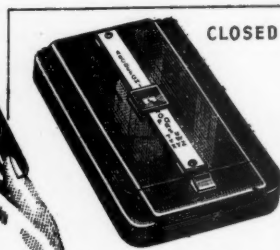


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Can you eat it?

No.

Can you drink it?

Yes.

Is it made in any particular county?

Yes.

Is it made in Devon?

Yes.

Is it Devonshire Cream?

No.

Is it nice and sweet?

Yes.

It's cyder!

Yes.

Let's have a recap. It's made in Devon, it's nice and sweet and it's cyder...

Yes.

Then it must be

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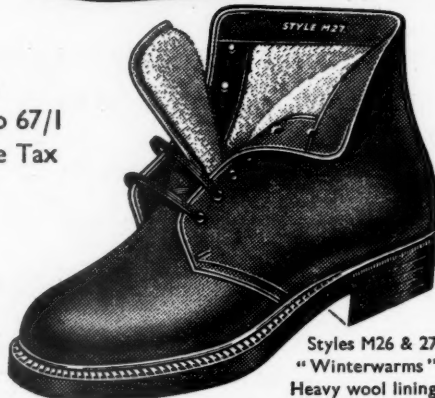
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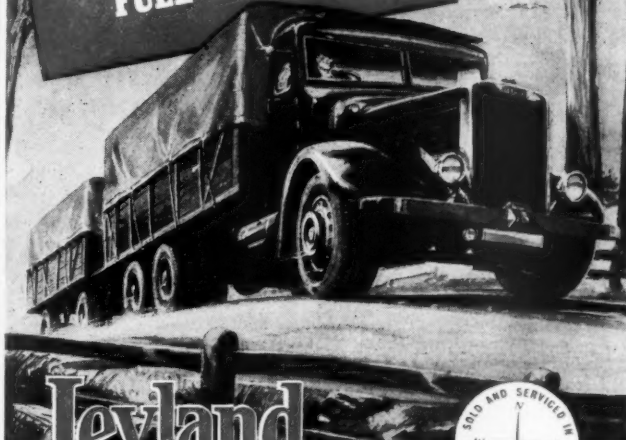
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